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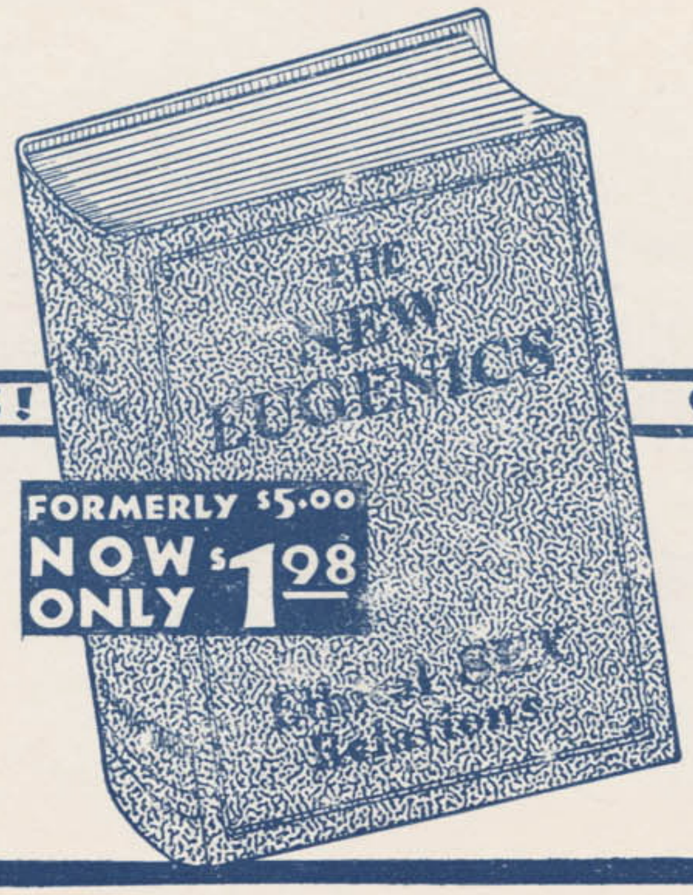
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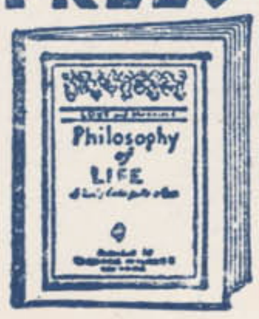
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VOLUME IV NUMBER 4

# PEP

## New, Snappy, Spicy Stories



APRIL, 1934

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# Peppy Pals

*Dear Sir:*

*I very much enjoy reading the "Pep" magazine, the stories of which are very interesting. I would very much like to correspond with some "Pen Pals" in America. I promise to answer all letters received.*

*I am 22 years of age.*

*Yours sincerely,*
*(Miss) Margaret Page.*

*Dear Editor:*

*I am a cadet on a British steamer and have just read my first copy of "Pep." My first impression of your magazine was certainly a good one and I am now buying "Pep" regularly whenever I have the chance.*

*I'd be very pleased to correspond with some peppy girl readers and I promise to answer all who send a picture. I am 20 years of age, 5 ft. 11 in. tall and weigh 157 pounds.*

*My ship goes regularly to the States in the winter—Boston, Philadelphia, New York or Portland, Maine.*

*Hoping you will be good enough to publish this letter and wishing you every success with your most excellent magazine,*

*Sincerely yours,*
*David Keir.*
*S.S. "Blairatholl," care Geo. Nisbet & Co., 95, Bothwell St., Glasgow, Scotland.*

*Dear Editor:*

*Being a reader of as many copies as I possibly get hold of I have wondered if you could arrange for me to correspond with any of our fair sex readers. I am 5 ft. 6 in. in height, weight 147 pounds and am very keen on photography and shooting. I am also fond of music, dogs and horses.*

*I would like to read more of Jean Maxwell's stories, also Ralph Gordon. Being in a rather lonely station the boys and myself appreciate these stories. I have a fair collection of snaps of the district, and would gladly exchange for any. I wish you further success with your saucy and very lively magazine. You may publish this letter with my address, if you wish. I am also willing to exchange photographs with any correspondent of the fair sex.*

*I am, sir,*
*Pte. Jordan.*
*Second Essex Regt., Nasirabad, Rajputana, India.*

*P. S.—There are several copies of Pep Stories by my side as I write.*

*Dear Editor:*

*I am very much interested in your magazines, they sure do answer the demand for this type of literature. All of your stories are interesting, are very well and pleasingly written. Nothing vulgar.*

*I travel quite a bit and always have a supply of your magazines for my enjoyment and my friends. I do research work all over the world. I am doing some work now in the Michigan oil fields. In the spring I expect to leave in my sailing yacht for a cruise through the West Indies, Panama Canal, and South Sea Islands. I would be glad to hear from any of you girls as I will need a First Mate.*

*Yours very truly,*
*C. A. Hale.*
*General Delivery, Mt. Pleasant, Mich.*

*Dear Editor:*

*I am just a new reader of your delightful magazine but from now on I'll surely read every issue if I have to steal it!*

*I want loads of Pals of any and all ages. I want to hear about their own experiences and desires concerning this modern, carefree world. I'll wager none of your readers can shock me with experiences, poems or photos. Are you on, pals?*

*I am 26. Have reddish-gold hair and dark green eyes. Am 5 ft. 3 in. and can truly be vain of my figure. I'm broad-minded and very modern. Now girls and boys, please write. I'll tell you how we do things in the West.*

*Anxiously,*
*W. Stratton.*
*Gen. Del., Livingston, Mont.*

(Please turn to page 64)

# The Indiscreet Impostor

BY

GERARD RAVEL

IN HER CLOTHES, Coralie Morgan was a knockout. Without them, that went double and perhaps even triple if one could have seen her at the moment. She had kicked back the silken cover of the bed and was indulging herself in the luxury of a pre-breakfast cigarette. Filmy scarlet pajamas were her sole covering and as she lay there in a posture of abandon all the curves of her lissom figure were enticingly revealed —for no one but Coralie to witness.

Coralie wasn't conceited, but she did not need the full length mirror at the bedside to tell her that the firm contours of her breasts and the supple lines of her torso and legs were just as alluring as those of her cousin, Janet Naughton.



*"If you've got a good figure, you aren't supposed to hide it!"*

By dispensation of the latter's parents, Coralie was a *pro tem* guest at the palatial Miami mansion. Janet's parents were quite hospitable and gracious to Coralie; it was only the former who attempted to make Coralie feel that, as a hardworking New York typist, she was distinctly out of place in Miami. Janet's father was still in New

York, her mother was ever busy with social affairs; consequently, Coralie had been rather left to her own devices during the few days she had been there.

"A lot of good all this does me," Coralie said to herself as she inhaled deeply and considered the splendor of her solitary surroundings. "A man might help," she added and smiled faintly.

There was a knock on the door and before she could reply, her cousin entered, bearing a telegram.

"For me?" Coralie inquired anxiously. Telegrams were not so usual in her life.

Janet shook her pretty blonde head: "Not exactly; but listen to this." She read:

*T. P. Jepson arriving tonight. Appreciate your making his stay in Miami enjoyable.—Father.*

As she spoke, she allowed the negligee she had on to fall apart and to disclose her regal figure clad in a chemise that hugged her svelte torso with a caress as intimate as a lover's.

"Daddy's got a lot of nerve," she went on pettishly. "He sends me some bald-headed old duck from New York and I've got to show him a good time. I won't do it!"

Coralie began to get the idea. "Could I help?" she suggested mildly.

"Would you?" Janet was all smiles. "You could sub for me and no one would ever know the difference. I'll fix you up to look like a million dollars. Come on with me."

She led the way into her bedroom and Coralie obediently trailed along. Janet closed the door and began to rummage through her multitudinous array of finery.

"Slip off your pajamas and try this on," Janet ordered.

Coralie quickly stepped out of her scanty attire and was completely nude as Janet turned to her with an evening gown.

"You're not so bad," the latter admitted grudgingly. "See how this fits."

"But I haven't anything on," Coralie protested.

Janet smiled condescendingly. "I never wear any lingerie with an evening gown; but if you're squeamish, here's something." She gave Coralie a brief pair of step-ins.

"Only this?" Coralie asked as she saw herself in the mirror. The step-ins fitted her hips snugly and firmly, but being diaphanous, concealed nothing at all.

"Sure!" Janet laughed. "If you've got a good figure, you aren't supposed to hide it! Now try on the gown."

It, too, fitted perfectly and Coralie herself was thrilled at the ravishing picture she made in the extreme decollete that left her breasts half bare and her back completely exposed.

"Do you mind my wearing this?" she asked.

"Of course not!" Janet replied, and added cattily, "it's just an old thing. I've already worn it twice. It ought to knock this Jepson's eyes out, however. You can keep it, if you like," she offered magnanimously, "if you think you'll ever have use for it."

"Perhaps," Coralie said without rancor as she slipped it off again. For a moment, she stood still, mentally comparing her own nearly nude figure with that of Janet's. The latter had begun to dress and had slipped off the negligee and chemise. She was resting for a moment, quite nude as she lay on the bed and puffed deeply on a cigarette. Coralie was more or less modest, and Janet's careless display of her unclothed figure was a trifle amazing to the former.

"Good luck," Janet smiled lazily at Coralie as she stretched her slender and supple legs. "I hope Jepson isn't as bad as I think he is."

"Perhaps he won't be," Coralie replied hopefully, picking up the evening gown and step-ins preparatory to departing for her own room.

"Wait a minute," Janet called. "There's something else. He may try a few tricks. You don't have to give in; there's nothing like that included in the bargain, but you know how some of these old boys are."

CORALIE NODDED and left Janet alone. At nine o'clock that night, Coralie was ready and waiting for the Mr. Jepson. Janet and her mother were both gone; no one was left at home but the servants.

Jepson had phoned out from his hotel to say that he would arrive shortly after nine and, as good as his word, Coralie heard the bell ring in just a few minutes.

Admitted by the butler, he came into the drawing room to greet a very much astonished Coralie.

"Mr. Jepson?" she murmured feebly.

He smiled pleasantly and nodded, "Right. Hope I haven't kept you waiting."

The reason for Coralie's astonishment was that Mr. Jepson hardly fitted the description of the man she had been led to expect. He was not old; he was not bald-headed, and he was

certainly not the repulsive old dodderer that Janet had pictured.

Instead, he was a most attractive young man; blonde, clean-shaven, with a tall and well knit figure. Seeing Coralie's discomfiture, he laughed and explained.

"You weren't expecting me, were you?"

"I didn't know," Coralie replied weakly.

"Of course not," he went on, "I came down instead of my father. We both have the same name, but for heaven's sake, don't call me Junior! And may I call you Janet?"

Coralie smiled, "Why not?"

"Good!" he replied. "Now, shall we be on our way? If I'm only to be here one night, we've got a lot of ground to cover!"

As he assisted her on with her wrap, Coralie felt his hands touch upon the creamy whiteness of her bare shoulder. It sent a delicious little thrill up and down her spine; the same sort of feeling she had had when she sensed his coolly appraising glance upon the revealed contours of her figure beneath the extreme cut of her gown.

Tom, for that was what Coralie discovered his first name to be, suggested they start at the Club Rhadamar and she agreed eagerly, for there was no smarter or more exclusive rendezvous in all Miami that winter.

They entered the cabaret and, by the grace of a bill Tom slipped to the head waiter, were shown to a secluded table in the corner, made ideal for an intimate *tete-a-tete* by the dimness of the shaded lights and the shade of a palm.

With the first sip of champagne, Coralie began to forget that she was a masquerader, or an impostor. She knew only this: that she was going to enjoy herself to the fullest extent, come what might. Along with the wine, a devil-may-care feeling of recklessness crept into her blood and as they danced together to the slow languorous rhythm of the tango, she closed her eyes and felt a new kind of ecstasy as Tom's lips brushed the lobe of her ear.

"We've only begun," Tom murmured, "but I know I could go on forever like this."

Forever was cut short, however, by reality; for the orchestra stopped playing after the



*"I might have expected this," she continued angrily.*

customary amount of time, and there was nothing for Coralie and Tom to do but return to their table and to the champagne.

"Do women ever feel like cutting loose?" Tom asked abruptly, and smiled.

"Of course!" Coralie laughed. "Why?"

"Because I feel exactly that way tonight. I want to dance, I want plenty of champagne, and a lot of a girl like you."

Coralie glanced at the nearly full bottle on the table. "As far as I can see, that shouldn't be hard to get," she replied.

"Don't take me too literally," Tom begged, "what I really want can't be described. It's partly atmosphere and partly imagination."



Coralie lit a cigarette. "You aren't very explicit."

"That's just the way you make me feel; I wish I could have the same effect on you."

"Perhaps you do," Coralie answered slowly. As she spoke, she sensed Tom's eyes intent upon her half revealed breasts and as he replied, a passionate intensity crept into his words.

"Let's get away from here, Janet," he suggested. "I want to talk to you—I want to kiss you," he added impetuously.

*"What can I say?" she sobbed. "What must you think?"*

Coralie shrugged her shoulders. "There are nights when I don't mind being kissed," she said frankly. She had completely forgotten that she was actually Coralie Morgan. Tonight she was playing the part of Janet Naughton, sensuous, passionate, and perhaps a little indiscreet, for the real Janet was like that. The champagne had gone to her head and instead of doing what she thought she ought to do, she was doing what she had always really wanted to do.

Leaving the Club Rhadamar, Tom hailed a cab and directed the driver to a hotel. This done, he settled back in the seat, encircled Coralie's shoulders with his arm to bring her nearer to him as he kissed her impulsively and ardently.

Coralie could never remember having been

kissed like that; nor could she ever recall having responded with such abandon. The pressure of her red firm lips against his own sent Tom's pulse to double and triple its normal rate.

They arrived at the hotel and took the elevator up to Tom's suite. The bell-hop was dispatched after some more champagne and the radio was correctly adjusted to bring in softly the melodious tunes of a New York orchestra.

Coralie had hardly removed her coat before Tom had eagerly clasped her in his arms.

The champagne had gone to his head, too, but there was something more intoxicating than that when he held Coralie so close to him.

"Janet," he murmured huskily, "I'm crazy about you. Say you like me a little," Tom pleaded.

"A little?" Coralie replied. "Why that when it's really quite a lot?"

THE SECOND BOTTLE of champagne arrived and they sat side by side on the divan to sip the sparkling wine that ran like fire through their blood. Tom's kisses became more and more intense and Coralie lacked not in responsiveness. Tom's trembling hands touched her breasts in a passionate caress and his nervous fingers sought the fastenings of her gown, solved them, slipped it from her shoulders to reveal two pink tipped mounds of exquisite perfection. He bent his lips to drink deeply of their loveliness and swept Coralie's lithe body into his arms. As he did so, the gown fell away completely to leave her quite nude save for the very brief pair of step-ins encircling her slender waist.

At the sight of her nearly unclad figure, Tom's desires knew no bounds. He was dizzy with a tempestuous passion that Coralie could not resist—had she wanted to.

Precisely at that moment there was a sharp rap on the door; and the caller entered without waiting for a response.

"So!" was the harsh, but unmistakably feminine greeting that came to Tom and Coralie through the semi-darkness.

It was Janet, the real Janet in a flaming fury. "I might have expected this," she continued angrily.

"Who the hell are you?" Tom asked with a rage that matched Janet's.

"Janet Naughton, if it's any news to you," was the reply. "I'm the girl you're supposed to have gone with. She's an impostor," Janet flared and indicated the practically nude Coralie. "She's my cousin and when she heard you were in town she tricked me into going away so that she could take my place. My friends saw you at the Club Rhadamar; but I was quite sure you'd end up here sooner or later."

To both Coralie and Janet's amazement, Tom laughed heartily. "Impostor, eh? That's good!"

Janet interrupted coldly: "If you'll be so good as to see me home, Mr. Jepson, we can leave any time."

Tom shot her a quizzical glance: "You would like to have Mr. Jepson see you home?"

Janet nodded, "Miss Morgan is well able to take care of herself, though of course she will probably expect a slight gratuity for any favors she may have shown you."

Coralie couldn't control herself any longer. She flung herself at Janet with nothing less than mayhem in her mind and only Tom's quick intervention stopped a battle royal. He held Coralie firmly while he spoke to Janet.

"Mr. Jepson is down the hall three doors. You can ask him to see you home if you like; though he's probably been in bed for several hours. You see, Miss Naughton, I'm an impostor, too. I'm merely Jepson's secretary."

"Oh!" Janet could only gasp, then flounced out of the room without another word.

Slightly befuddled from this unexpected *denouement*, Coralie turned to Tom and began to explain, but he put a finger to her lips.

"I know everything," he smiled; "I've known it all along."

Coralie sank down on the divan and broke into tears as she ineffectually attempted to conceal her nudity. "What can I say?" she sobbed woefully. "What must you think?"

Tom sat down beside her. "I think fast when I have to. And having seen you for two years in New York without ever meeting you, I make the most of my opportunity. If you'd like to come back to New York as the wife of Mr. Jepson's secretary and *pro tem* impostor, I think it would be swell!"

"What can I say?" Coralie repeated, but there were no tears in her eyes now as she felt Tom clasp her unclad figure in an embrace that would certainly brook no further interruption!

# Love, Honor and Oh, Pay!

BY

MARTIN CARROLL

MR. WILBUR WEATHERBY WILLERTON left the department store briskly. A smile played about the corners of his mouth as he slipped a small package into his topcoat pocket. "Maybe these'll soothe her," he muttered.



Mr. Willerton, let us hasten to admit, was married. Very much so. Indeed, to quote his own occasional mental opinion, *too* much so. However, in all fairness it must be stated that it was only at certain intervals that Mr. Willerton entertained this last thought. Love is a wonderful thing. Mr. Willerton fully agreed with that, but—

The but was occasioned by the alarmingly frequent, of late, raids that Mrs. Wilbur Weatherby Willerton was making on the family bank balance. As has been stated, Mr. Willerton was fully in accord with the universally accepted theory that marriage is not marriage without love. Yes, love was essential. The question was, were five-thousand-dollar fur coats, one-thousand-dollar necklaces, countless gowns, silk stockings, *et al.* also essential? At times Mr. Willerton wondered.

He had been doing quite a bit of wondering lately. Ever since Mrs. Willerton had spied a "simply dee-vine" fur coat in the window of an exclusive shop. At first he had imagined that, with a little tact, he could circumvent and destroy the sudden craving on the part of his beloved. Alas, previous experience should have warned him of the futility of such a hope! The last four days had been nothing but eating fur coat, talking fur coat, and sleeping fur coat.




Mr. Willerton, although a bit groggy, gave ground reluctantly. While inwardly admitting that he was doomed, he was determined to avert the *denouement* as long as possible. He hedged, argued, pleaded, and at times wondered about the veracity of that familiar statement anent the woman paying. After three years of married life, Mr. Willerton was convinced that it was the man who paid.

The purchase he had just slipped into his pocket was a final effort to delay the crisis. He had been getting a few odds and ends for himself, and had suddenly seen them: a pair of dainty, jeweled garters. Acting upon spontaneous impulse, Mr. Willerton had bought them. Indeed, just to show his personal interest, he had had the clerk add two cute little pendant ornaments to the buckles. He was now hurrying back to their suite to pre-

sent his gift and, most important, note its pacifying effect.

He entered the hotel rapidly, crossed the lobby with a pre-occupied mien, and was whisked up to the fourth floor. Their rooms were just down the corridor. He emerged from the elevator hurriedly, stepped out in rapid strides. And then someone spoke to him.

"Pardon me just a moment, but I wonder if you'd mind helping me?"

Mr. Willerton stopped, startled. In his haste he had seen no one. But now he noted that he was being addressed by a girl. A young and very pretty girl he observed, after a second's inspection.

"Why, certainly." Mr. Willerton was always the personification of courtesy. "What can I do for you?"

"My key," she nodded to a door across the hall. "It seems to be stuck; I can't turn it. I wonder if you'd try—" She broke off, smiling a bit shyly.

"Why, of course, of course." Mr. Willerton moved across to the door, in the lock of which a key protruded. As he moved he took in a jaunty little green hat, abbreviated frock, brown silken stockings and dainty green pumps. He had already noted deep brown eyes, a saucy, tilt-tip nose, and full, red lips.

"I can turn it part of the way," she explained, "but then it seems to catch. I can't move it."

Mr. Willerton grasped the key firmly. It was probably just caught. He'd exert a little pressure and have the door open in a second. "We'll see," he said. "I think we can manage it."

He was as good as his word. Although the key undoubtedly did turn hard, he soon clicked back the bolt, threw open the door. "There you are," he remarked.

She smiled, showed pretty teeth. "I'm ever so much obliged to you," she said. "Won't you come in?" She stepped part way into the room.

Mr. Willerton was a trifle disconcerted by the invitation. He hesitated. She noted his indecision. "You won't be intruding," she explained. "And I do want to thank you. Wouldn't you care for a little highball?"

To further fully understand the make-up of Mr. Wilbur Weatherby Willerton it must be acknowledged that, while he never indulged excessively, he did now and then enjoy some refreshment of a more or less spiritous nature. Still, he wavered. While the young lady before him was indubitably attractive, and was offering him something that he honestly enjoyed, would it be just the thing for him to be alone with her in her room?

He smiled, shook his head. "Thank you very much," he replied, "but I really can't stop now."

She seemed a bit hurt. "But I do want to—"

Mr. Willerton interrupted her. Truth to tell, he felt himself weakening, and wanted to get away as fast as possible. "It's really very kind of you," he said, "but I'm afraid I can't accept your invitation just now. You see—"

She nodded, smiled again. "I understand. You're in a hurry. But that's all right. I'll be in all evening." And before Mr. Willerton could reply she winked impishly at him and closed the door.

When Mr. Willerton reached his rooms, he found the following note propped up on the living room table:

> *Wilbur Darling: I won't be back for dinner. I've just run into a girl I knew at college, and we're planning to dine downtown and go to a show. I'll probably be late.*

Mr. Willerton sighed deeply. His spouse's absence meant a respite of at least a few hours from her continual nagging about the coat. He thought of his "soothing" offering which reposed in his pocket, then shrugged. He'd have plenty of time to present them when she returned.

And then Mr. Wilbur Weatherby Willerton's thoughts took a turn which surprised even himself. He envisioned a certain young lady, recalled a suggestive wink, remembered a certain invitation. What was to prevent him from accepting that invitation? He had the whole evening free. He could do a little celebrating of his own, so to speak. He could eat out, and later return and . . .

For the next half hour, the suite of Mr. Willerton was the scene of a terrific battle; a struggle between Mr. Willerton and a certain gentleman known as Mr. Conscience. We must perforce admit that Mr. Conscience was, if not decisively, at least certainly, defeated.

The hall was deserted when Mr. Willerton approached a certain door. He knocked gently, waited. In spite of himself he felt oddly excited.

Almost immediately the door was opened, and a hand gripped his. He stepped warily within, while the door was shut and locked behind him. The room was in total darkness.

"I was sure you'd come." Her voice was vibrant, husky.

She pulled him further into the shadows, led him to a divan. He sank down upon it uncertainly. The darkness was a bit disconcerting. His hand, groping, encountered warm, firm flesh. He felt her soft body close against his. Suddenly, full, moist lips met his . . .



*"I'm so much obliged to you," she said. "Won't you come in?"*

In all fairness to Mr. Willerton we will pass over the ensuing hour. Suffice it to say that Mr. Willerton, although astonished at his own audacity, spent a most enjoyable sixty minutes. It was at the end of this period that he bethought himself.

"I've brought you a little present," he murmured.

She stirred in his arms. "For me?" Astonishment showed in her voice. "But that's awfully nice of you. What is it?"

Mr. Willerton detached himself from her embrace and felt his way to an adjoining chair, over the back of which his topcoat had mysteriously found its way. When he returned, he brought with him a small package. He knew that he had purchased the contents of this package for a slightly different purpose, but that did not deter him. As sweet a girl as this deserved a present, and he could always get another "peace" offering.

He pushed the tiny bundle into her hands. "Open it up," he said, "and see if you can guess what it is in the dark."

She fumbled with the wrapping, finally tore it off. For a minute or two she felt the twin circlets carefully, then laughed softly.

"They're garters, aren't they?"

He smiled in the darkness. "Right the first time."

"It's awfully sweet of you," she went on. "Wouldn't you like to slip them on?"

Mr. Willerton hesitated. Although he had

greatly surprised himself so far this evening, he knew there were limitations to everything.

"Why, ah—" he began.

She stopped him by suddenly moving away from him on the divan and swinging her legs into his lap. "I won't mind," she said.

Although Mr. Willerton had had a variety of experiences in his allotment of years, it is to be doubted whether any had given him the feeling of tingling exhilaration which followed.

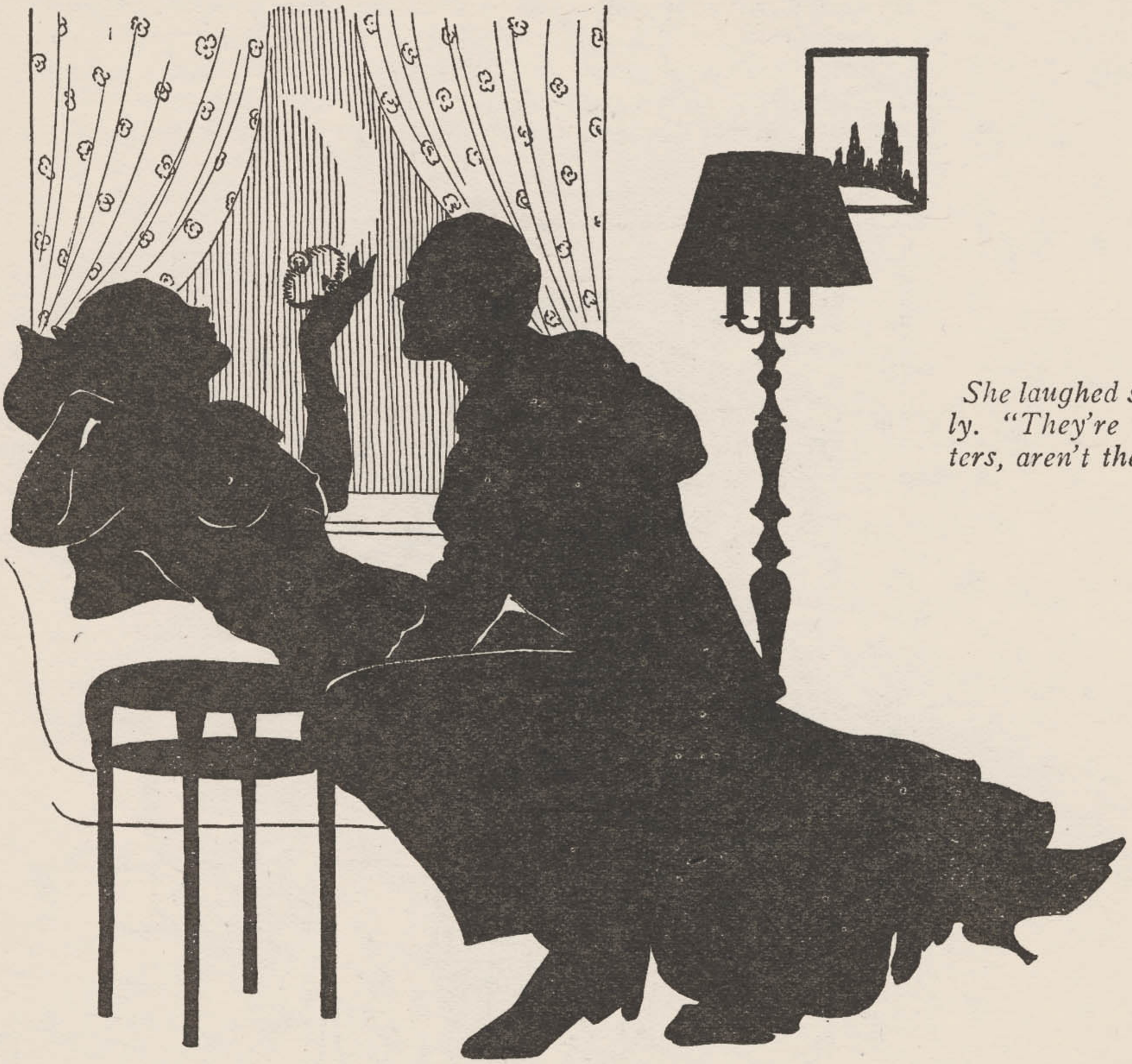
Carefully removing her shoes, he slipped the jeweled bands over her firm, rounded knees. The fact that other garters already encircled her stocking-tops did not detract from the excitement of the operation.

Finally, and it must be confessed, somewhat reluctantly, Mr. Willerton swung her legs to the floor. He arose from the divan, got into his coat. She clung to his arm tenaciously.

"Must you go now?" she asked.

Mr. Willerton moved toward the door. "I really must," he stammered. His feeling of careless bravado was already wearing off. The continued darkness began to make him uneasy; he felt that discretion demanded his departure.

As he reached the door and unlocked it, she stepped close to him and kissed him full on the lips. Mr. Willerton was just a bit flustered when he gained the hallway and heard the door click shut behind him.



*She laughed softly. "They're garters, aren't they?"*

BACK IN HIS own suite, Mr. Willerton was somewhat relieved to find that his wife had not yet returned. That would give him a few moments to collect himself. He sank into his favorite chair, sighed deeply. He was still in the chair when Mrs. Willerton arrived some thirty minutes later.

"Hello, dear," she smiled at him. "All by your lonesome?"

Mr. Willerton started. "Why — er, of course, my dear," he finally managed to say.

She seemed not to notice his slight dis-

composure, but, after disposing of her coat and hat, curled up on a sofa across from him.

"Have a nice evening?" Mr. Willerton ventured.

She nodded absently, suddenly interested in a newspaper. And it was at this point that Mr. Willerton became aware of a startling fact. The act of curling her legs beneath her had disarranged her skirt somewhat, flicked it back from her knees. And circling her stocking tops was not one pair of garters, but *two!* More than that, the second pair was strangely like those he had recently adjusted above a certain young lady's knees. Mr. Willerton looked closer, gasped. They were not only *like* them, but they *were the garters!* He recognized the two pendant ornaments he had had especially attached.

Mrs. Willerton carelessly laid aside her paper. "You know, dear, it's really the strangest thing, but ever since we've had this suite I've never known that Elaine Gardner lived just down the hall."

"Eh?" Mr. Willerton's thoughts were chaotic. Those garters! They upset him!

His wife continued, apparently unaware of his mental confusion. "Surely you must have heard me speak of her. Elaine was my best chum at college."

Mr. Wilbur Weatherby Willerton nodded vaguely. The whole thing was suddenly alarmingly clear to him. He had spent an entire evening indulging in amorous activities with his own wife! It had all been a clever trap. This friend of his wife's, this Elaine, had been a fellow conspirator. The "hard-turning" key had been only a trick; probably some paper jammed into the keyhole. And it was not at all difficult to fathom the reason for arranging his predicament. Mrs. Willerton's next words only confirmed his worst suspicions.

"You know, Wilbur darling, they still have that coat at Kendall Brothers that I wanted. Don't you think you could be extra nice to me tomorrow and let me order it?"

Mr. Willerton didn't think. He knew!

"Yes, my dear," he agreed, meekly.

# The Bookkeeper's Blues

LUCY'S hair was black as numbers
On the credit side of life.
Lucy left me for a barber
To become his faithful wife.

LUCY'S lips were red as dollars
Listed on the debit sheet.
I lost Lucy's lips to Tony,
Who shaves faces down the street.

LUCY had a fancy figure
Causing Tony to invest.
Lucy's principally Tony's,
So I've lost all interest.

*—By Sid.*

# Rain on the Mountain

BY

TOM KANE

AT FIRST Bob White had told himself that he was not looking at the girl slumped across the table in the deserted lunchroom. But that had been half-an-hour ago, and now the pretense seemed silly, even to him. Therefore, whenever the opportunity presented itself, he gazed at her frankly, and the more he gazed, the more attractive he found her. This in spite of the fact that the foulness of the night without had more than taken its toll of her.

Her still dripping raincoat was hung across the back of a chair, and her soaking slippers made little black hearts on the soiled linoleum at her feet. A beret, which, judging by the clinging wetness of her hair, had been of little protection, lay on top of the raincoat. The damp strands of her golden hair stuck to her face, and although the teeming rain had washed away most of her makeup, her coloring was still beautiful, and Bob could not remember where he had seen a lovelier pair of eyes.

They were of the deepest blue, large, set wide apart and fringed by almost black lashes. At the moment, they were concentrated on a chipped cup of steaming coffee; her full lips were moist and red, and there was a pathetic little droop to the sad, retrousse little nose. He could not see much of her body, but what little of it that was afforded him intrigued him tremendously. Her legs were long and straight. He could see that, and her ankles were slim. The low V of her neck revealed just a hint of large, full and very firm breasts. Bob was not certain, but he thought he detected two tiny bulges in the silk of her dress where the cold and damp had enticed her nipples into twin points. Altogether, Bob was very interested, and he wished devoutly that the girl would look at him.

He remembered hearing somewhere that if one stared at a person long enough, instinct would force them to return the look. He tried it. Invested the glance with all the concentration he could muster, and after a while his patience was rewarded. The girl looked up, her eyes met his, and after a moment's hesitation, she smiled. Bob looked away at once. He was bashful, and was not in the habit of picking up girls. For the next few minutes, he attached himself to a ham sandwich, washing it down with gulps of hot, weak coffee.

He was on the point of looking up again, when he felt a presence at his elbow. Turning around, he found that the girl had vacated the table which she had occupied in the corner, and had perched herself on a stool alongside him against the counter.

"D'you believe in giving people a break?" asked the girl suddenly.

Bob blinked, gathered together his wits, and said, "Sure. Sometimes. Depends on who they are."

The girl smiled. "Would you like to give me a break?" she asked.

"That depends on what the break is."

The girl inclined her head towards the door leading to the state road outside. "You have a car?" she asked.

"Sure."

"And you're going towards Pittstown?"

"That's my destination." Bob swung around on the stool and faced her squarely. The girl returned his stare unflinchingly.

"I was wondering," she continued, "if you'd mind giving me a lift."

"To Pittstown?"

"No; to my house about fifteen miles up the road. It wouldn't be out of your way at all."

Bob grinned. "Sure," he said agreeably. "And it wouldn't make any difference if it was out of my way. I'll be only too glad to."

The girl sighed. "Thanks," she said simply. After a long pause, she went on. "You see, I have hardly any money at all, and I like to come home over the week-end. I haven't anyone to come to. I live alone; but my little house is about all I've got, and unless I see it now and again, I wouldn't be able to carry on. Usually, I've been able to hitch-hike; but tonight everything seemed to go wrong. I left Easton at six last evening, and here it is almost midnight, and this is as far as I've got."

Bob laughed. "I'll have you there in no time at all," he said. He glanced at her shyly. "Would you like something to eat—or shall we get going?"

The girl got down off the stool and settled her skirt. "I don't want anything to eat," she said. "Thanks just the same. If you don't mind, I'd rather be going. I'm soaked through, and I want to get in front of a fire, and into some dry things."

"Right!" Bob joined her, helped her into her raincoat, and while she was arranging her beret in the cracked mirror on the wall, paid the check and walked over to the door. Lighting a cigarette, he stared through the steamed glass.

It was raining harder than ever if possible, and he felt a little nervous about tackling the long mountain pass which lay ahead of him. He was buttoning the collar of his coat when the girl joined him. Together they went out into the seething night and entered the car.

THE GOING was tough, treacherous and slow, and neither spoke. The rain was so heavy, the powerful headlights seemed to make little impression on it, and the girl was wise enough not to distract his attention by talking. It was over an hour later when the girl finally spoke. She said,

"I live just around this next bend in the road. You won't be able to see the house; but if you let me off, I'll be able to find it."

"Sure? Got a flashlight?"

The girl shook her head. "No; but I don't need one." In silence the little coupe ground up the steep, slippery incline. Water hissed against the windshield in wind-driven gusts, and the wiper groaned like an old mill. They rounded the bend at last, and at a word from the girl, Bob halted the car. They sat there. Suddenly, the girl said,

"Would you like to come in with me? You can take off your things, dry them and have something to drink."

"Well, I don't know," Bob demurred. "It sounds attractive, but . . ."

"D'you have to be in Pittstown tonight?"

"No. Tomorrow morning'ud do."

"Come along then. Pull the car into the side of the road and lock it."

She got out and Bob did as he was told. Then, holding tightly to a heavy briefcase, he followed the girl to the road, slammed and locked the door. Together, guided by the beam of a powerful torch, they slithered down a steep embankment, and finally found themselves in a dripping hollow. The torch picked out the outline of a small house. Neither spoke as the girl inserted an old-fashioned key in the lock, turned it and entered. Bob followed, kicked the door to after him, and then helped the girl light a couple of oil lamps. He switched off the torch and looked about him.

"Swell," he said simply.

The girl started for a door leading into another room. Over her shoulder, she said, "Put a match to the fire. It's all laid. Then take your things off. You'll find a blanket across the back of the couch. I'll be back shortly."

"Oke," said Bob gratefully, and she had hardly passed through the door before he was fumbling with stiff fingers at his damp and cold clothing. Then, wrapped like a mummy in the blanket, he dropped to the couch in front of the fire and awaited the return of the girl.

She was not long. Looking up, he saw her coming towards him. She was dressed in a pair of heavy silk pajamas and a clinging kimono. She had dried her hair, and it curled about her small head in tight little bunches. She looked lovely in the soft light, and the round curves of her body did something strange to Bob as he sat there, clad in nothing but a rough blanket on the couch.

The girl walked over to him, sat down and placed a bottle and two glasses on a small table alongside the couch. She smiled, showing two rows of brilliant, white and even teeth. "Applejack," she said, indicating the bottle. "And I know it's good because I make it myself."

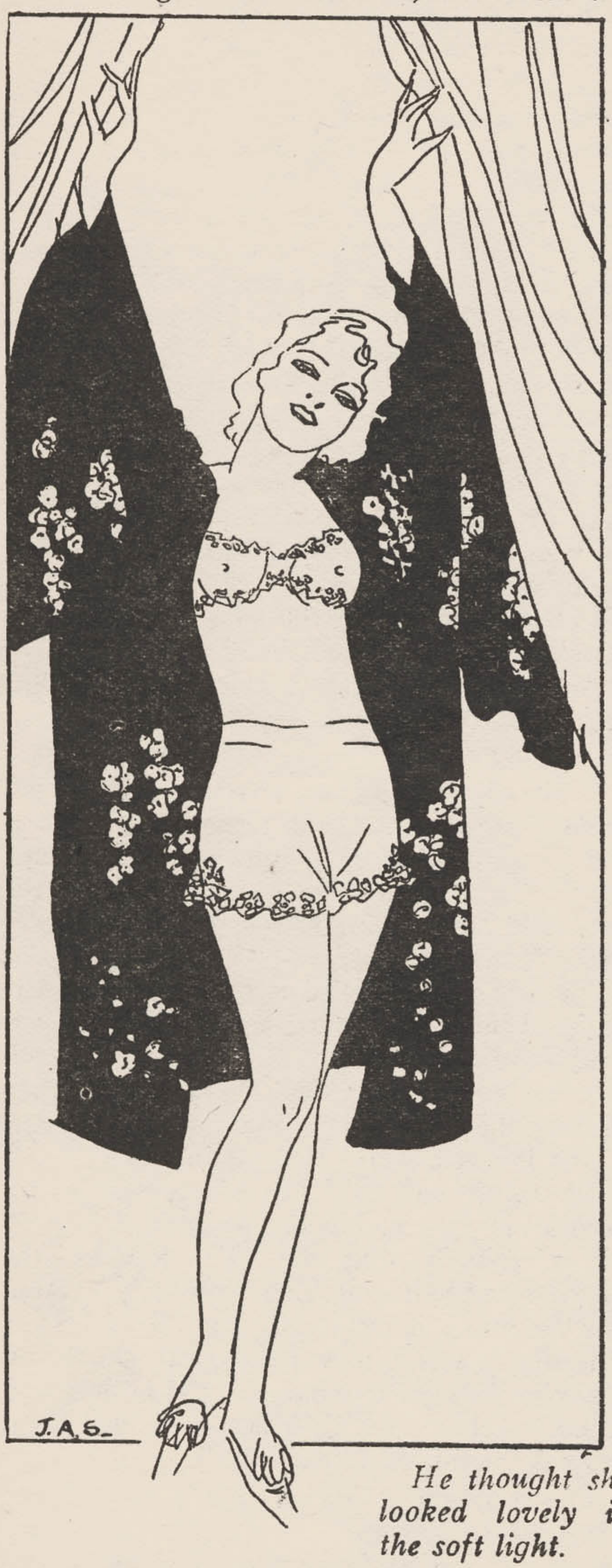
"May I?" Bob filled two glasses with the amber liquid and handed her one. Their eyes met, so did the glasses, and then they each felt the warm glow steal over them as they tipped the applejack down their throats. "This is swell," said Bob again.

"I think so, too." Suddenly she leaned across him, ostensibly to put another log on the already blazing pile. The top of the kimono opened, and Bob caught a fleeting glimpse of a large, white and firm breast. The nipple was pinker than coral, small and assertive. Only for a moment did he hesitate. Then, reaching out his arms, he folded them around the girl and held her close.

For a moment, she remained motionless, then she turned to him, put her soft arms about his neck and jammed her moist lips to his. Bob increased the pressure of his arms, lay back and dragged the girl with him. He could feel the pounding of her heart through the silk of her clothes and the rough wool of the blanket. Her eyes were closed,

and her tongue was stabbing deliciously against his teeth.

Slowly and insidiously, his hands moved over her, and she commenced to tremble. Bob held her tight with one arm, then with the




*He thought she looked lovely in the soft light.*

other hand he gently slipped the kimono down off her shoulders. The girl removed her lips from his, opened her eyes and gazed at him.

"Oh, my dear," she whispered. She took her lower lip between her teeth, closed her eyes again and gently bit her own lip.

Then she lay inert in Bob's arms as he slipped his hand beneath her pajamas and cupped one full breast. Instantly the nipple became as a rock, and the breast itself swelled until it seemed it must assuredly burst. The girl was breathing heavily, and Bob could feel the violent trembling of her body against him. His blanket had slipped away, and her naked shoulder lay against his bare chest. Tenderly he kneaded her soft flesh, until the girl thought that she would cry aloud with the exquisite pain of his touch.

She appeared to be dropping into a swoon, and just as Bob was about to remove the top of the pajamas altogether, she stiffened, sighed violently and sat up. Breaking away from him, she stood up and pulled her kimono about her. Bob stared at her incredulously. She smiled wanly, walked to the fire and turned her back on it.

She said, "I can't go through with it—and I don't mean what you mean."

"What, then," demanded Bob quietly, "do you mean?"

The girl eyed him steadily before speaking. After a pause, she said, "Have you ever heard of Elsie Marsh?"

"Gunner Moore's girl? Sure, I've heard of her."

"I'm she," said Elsie simply. Bob stared at her with mixed emotions. For the past hour he had been wracking his brains to remember where he had seen her before. Now he knew. In the papers. Photographs of her. So this was the notorious Elsie Marsh! He rubbed his eyes, and instinctively his glance sought the briefcase which was resting against the leg of a chair. Elsie noticed the quick look, and she laughed shortly.

"You've got it," she said. Then she came to him, dropped on her knees and put her arms about his waist. "Listen, Bob," she said. "You see—I even know your name. I know you're Bob White and I also know that in that briefcase you have ten thousand dollars, being the payroll for the Universal Steel Bearing Company in Pittstown. This thing was deliberately staged. This is actually my house. That wasn't a lie. But I let you pick me up in the lunch room for a purpose. Gunner's about a mile up the road. It is all arranged. In about an hour he's coming here. In the meantime, I was supposed to've doped you. The rest would've been easy. Now you know."

FOR A LONG while Bob gazed at the top of her head. Then quietly he said, "Why did you tell me? Why didn't you go through with it?"

Elsie did not look up; but there was a hint of tears in her voice as she replied, "Weak, I guess. I fell for you. Remember when you beat that gang of hold-up men single-handed last fall? Your picture was in the paper. . . . and I fell in love with you then. The rout was completed when I saw you in the lunchroom tonight. Gunner'll kill me when he finds out what I've done. You'd better go now."

Bob did not move. After a while he said, "I'll stay. I've got a gun, and I'll fight it out with him. I'm not afraid of him or any other thug. Thanks for telling me, Elsie. If you want to go and warn him—go ahead. I'm not going to stop you. The only trouble is . . . he might not come. He's probably yellow."

Slowly Elsie got to her feet. She stood there, looking down at Bob, and there was a tender light in her eyes. "I'm not going to warn him," she said quietly. "I'm not going anywhere. I'm going into the next room. Good luck, Bob. Remember—he's a killer. Aim straight."

Bob stood up also and pulled the blanket about him. He walked with Elsie to the door leading to the other room and closed it after her as she stepped through. Then he went to his trousers hanging over a chair, and from the hip pocket, pulled a huge, long barreled .45 Colt. With it hidden under the blanket, he walked back to the couch, sat down and faced the door. His mouth was a grim line, and it only softened when he looked occasionally towards the door through which Elsie had passed.

Gunner Moore did not keep him waiting long. About half-an-hour later, above the howling of the wind, he heard the noise of a car being parked. He straightened on the couch, wrapped the blanket closer about him and tightened his grip on the gun. The minutes seemed to pass like hours. At last the door leading to the outside opened, and a huge, dripping man entered the room. Just inside the doorway, he paused, and from under the brim of his turned-down hat, his burning eyes bored into Bob's. He said,

"What're you doing here, bud?"

"Getting dry. Any objections?"

Gunner came into the room, closed the door after him and unbuttoned his coat. He tilted his hat back off his eyes, and his voice still grated as he continued, "Where's the girl?" he demanded.

"What girl?" asked Bob mildly.

"Come off it!" snarled Gunner. "You know what I'm talking about. Where's the dame that was here?"

Bob shrugged his shoulders. "I haven't seen any dame," he said.

Gunner eyed him maliciously for several seconds, then he started towards the door leading to the other room. Bob raised his hand. "I wouldn't go in there if I were you," he said quietly.

The other wheeled on him. "Oh, you wouldn't, wouldn't you?" he snarled. "And just who the hell d'you think you are?"

"I'm nobody; but if you know what's good for you—you'll stay out here."

Gunner grinned, and stuffing his hands in the pockets of his overcoat, came slowly towards the couch. Bob did not move, but his fingers on the gun beneath the blanket tightened, and he did not feel the slightest compunction about the possibility of killing Gunner Moore where he stood. But he did not show the gun.

Moore paused when he was a couple of feet away from Bob, then, quick as a flash, his hand whipped out, and the lamplight glittered on the muzzle of a vicious-looking automatic. His lips parted in a grin; but his voice was harsh as he said,

"So you won't talk, huh?"

"There's nothing to say," answered Bob softly.

Then there came the deafening roar of an explosion, and Bob felt the wind of a bullet as it whistled past him. He did not hesitate. With the dexterity of the trained athlete, he released himself like a coiled spring, turned a back somersault on the couch and came to his feet behind it. In his hand was his Colt. Gunner fired again, and Bob ducked. There was a crash as one of the lamps was turned over. Then Bob stealthily raised his head. Gunner fired again. So did Bob, and the howl that reached his ears told him that he was a better marksman than was Gunner Moore.

The Gunner was stamping around the floor, and the fingers of his left hand were wrapped around his shattered right wrist. On the floor at his feet, lay his gun. Bob covered him.

"Stick 'em up!" he ordered coldly.

(*Please turn to page* 60)



# By Appointment Only

BY

MARION EVANS

THE FIRST time Carl Winston saw a woman's naked breasts, they were cold inanimate things, bloodless and unresponsive to the touch of his sensitive fingers. The occasion was in the dissecting room of the Medical College.

The first time *Doctor* Carl Winston saw a woman's naked breasts, they were warm, living mounds of white flesh, topped with crinkly pink nipples peeping out of tan circles of skin, soft to the touch of his sensitive fingers and throbbing with life. The occasion was the examination of his first female patient.

Medicine had always been the goal, the pinnacle of Carl's ambitions. Even as a child he would empty the bathroom chest of its stock of patent medicines, stuff the vari-colored bottles and pill boxes into an old valise, and trudge around the neighborhood, treating every stray cat and dog to a dose of castor oil or a liver capsule!

As he grew older, he turned from child's play to the ardent perusal of his mother's "Family Medical Guide," three fat, imposing volumes containing "Sixty Color Plates of the Human Body," together with "Information as to the Cause, Treatment and Cure of all Diseases." From asthma to yellow fever (the diseases were listed alphabetically), Carl religiously memorized symptoms, physiology and prognosis, until he became a walking encyclopedia of medical facts. Strangely, the "Sixty Color Plates of the Human Body" interested him only in so far as they afforded a visual description of the disease illustrated. The fact that a good majority of the color plates were women's bodies, had no sexual connotation as far as Carl was concerned. Often he would wonder why his companions would gloat over the picture of a woman suffering from ulcer of the breast, whispering among themselves and exchanging sly glances.

At Medical College, it took him some time to accustom himself to the sight of a naked body, not so much because it aroused him physically, but chiefly because he had been brought up to believe that the intimate regions of a woman's body were sacred to the sex. Gradually, however, he hardened himself to handling breasts and thighs, and thirst for knowledge superimposed years of training.

Again, when he had graduated with highest honors, framed his diploma and license to practise, and settled in an office, he found it was necessary to steel himself all over again. Often, when the sight of feminine nudity on his examination table caused strange tingling sensations to radiate up and down his spine, he found some excuse for leaving the room until such time as he could pull himself together.

Carl's only male companion, one of his fellow students, now assisting a well known woman's doctor, listened patiently to his story.

"Maybe I'm abnormal," Carl explained. "Maybe I'm over-sexed or something. You can't tell me all physicians have the same trouble."

Dr. Ernest Sandler grinned boyishly. "There's only one trouble with you, Carl," he retorted, "you don't get out enough. You're suffering from repressions."

Carl snorted. "Repressions, my eye! Have you become a psychologist overnight?"

Ernest shook his head in the negative. "I don't have to be a psychologist to diagnose your case. As long as you tell me that looking at a dame's body on the table gives you the heebie-jeebies, I'd suggest going out and sowing a few wild oats. Either that or get yourself a swell-looking nurse who doesn't mind a little extra-curricular activity!" He flicked the ashes of his cigarette on the floor. "You need a woman, Carl," he added. "A woman who can take it! In your condition I'd say you were quite able to give it!"

Carl rose and paced the floor. His face was dark and anger-flecked. "I suppose you'd countenance a street walker, wouldn't you?" he demanded.

Ernest yawned. "If you can't get any better. Then again, maybe one of your patients might consider giving her doctor a little treatment. It's been done, you know!"

Carl faced him, tiny circles of color rising in his cheeks. "You seem to forget the oath you took when you got your diploma," he stormed. "It wouldn't hurt you to memorize the Hippocratic Code!"

"Memorize it?" Ernest laughed. "I forgot

the name of it until you mentioned it. What's it all about?"

Carl's lips curled sneeringly. "It merely tells you what is ethical and what is not, that's all."

"Oh, I see. Is it ethical for you to have sexual conniptions over every dame who strips in your office?"

"I don't understand what you mean by 'sexual conniptions'."

Ernest waved his hand airily. "Desires, yearnings, passion. You'd like to make love to all these women, wouldn't you?"

Carl hesitated. "It isn't love, it's—it's—"

"All right, call it necking, call it petting, call it anything you want, but you'd like to do it, wouldn't you?"

"Sometimes."

"Well, do you think it's ethical to think those things? What would your patients feel like if they knew you were examining them with only one thought in mind?"

"There are other thoughts, too," Carl insisted, a trifle petulantly.

"Yes, but the dominant one is *sex!*" Ernest pronounced the last word almost gleefully. All during their interneship (he and Carl had probationed at the same hospital), Ernest had bemoaned Carl's unwillingness to partake of the frankly given bounty of the nurses. Once, at a party, he had almost forced Carl on a plump little blonde in a state of inebriation. The girl had already discarded her dress and round, little breasts popped out of the lace top of her slip. To any other man, the sight of these white cones apexed with crystallized red nipples, would have meant immediate action, but to Carl, it meant nothing.

Ernest rose from his chair. "Get wise to yourself, sonny," he admonished, "or you'll be coming to me for nervous treatment."

CARL TOOK STOCK of himself the day after Ernest had delivered his ultimatum. Was there really as much to it as his chum seemed to think? After all, Ernest, decidedly woman-minded, couldn't be much of a judge. And yet, deep down within, Carl knew there was only one remedy and it was Ernest's remedy. But where and with whom?

The ringing of his office phone interrupted his mental soliloquy. Passing through the waiting room, he paused to view himself in the half-length mirror. Tall, broad-shouldered, with nicely tapered hips, he might have passed for a college football star, if not for horn-rimmed glasses covering his pleasant gray eyes. Nicely shaped lips and a strong, aquiline nose, contributed toward making, not a handsome ensemble, but a decidedly good-looking one. Quitting the personal inspection, he silenced the phone's insistent ring by lifting the receiver.

"Hello?" A sweetly sugared feminine voice answered his query. "Can I see you at four, Doctor?"

Ernest thumbed through his memo pad. Some day he'd see patients by appointment only. His card would read:

*Carl Winston, M. D.*
660 *Park Avenue.*
*By Appointment Only.*

"All right, Mrs. Carroll, four o'clock will be fine." Hanging up, he scribbled the name *Carroll* on his pad. She had been to see him once before, he remembered. A short, dark-haired woman, not more than thirty, but attractive in a sensual fashion. There was nothing the matter with her, just imaginary headaches and backaches, but she insisted on a complete examination, stripping to the skin for it. Carl wondered what she wanted now. He glanced at his watch. Three-thirty. Picking up a copy of the current *Medical Journal* he scanned the pages casually.

"IT'S MY BACK again, Doctor."

Beulah Carroll tripped into the office, her large brown eyes sparkling vivaciously. The simulation of a frown strove to make itself evident about the corners of her full, red mouth.

Carl nodded. "Your back?"

"Yes, it bothered me fearfully last night." One slim, white hand reached back and indicated the curved area directly above her hips. "Right here, Doctor. The most awful pains. Like somone was sticking a knife in me."

She removed her coat and hat, placing them on a chair. In a tight-fitting satin dress, molded to her trimly plump figure, she was far from an uninteresting sight. Slightly sagging breasts were pushed up and out by a tight brassiere, but evidently a girdle and brassiere constituted her entire ensemble of underclothing, for the material of the dress clung to a flat stomach revealingly.

"I found nothing there last time, Mrs. Carroll," Carl replied. "If I recall I examined you completely."

She nodded. "Yes, but I wish you'd do it again, Doctor. I'm sure something must be wrong. Could it be my kidneys?"



"No, I'm sure it's not your kidneys," Carl answered, drawing on his rubber gloves, "but if you feel we've overlooked something, I'll examine you again."

Almost delightedly, she unhooked her dress and stepped out of it as it slid to the floor. Carl looked up as she was stretching the girdle down over her lyre-like hips.

"It won't be necessary to remove that, Mrs. Carroll," he said.

Now, in silk stockings covering her shapely legs, and a net brassiere lifting her breasts and bringing their nipples to tilted points, Beulah was an entrancingly voluptuous vision. Her dark hair was gathered in a bun at the nape of her neck, contrasting vividly with the pure white of her skin.

On the examination table, she stretched out like a supine cat. "Front or back, Doctor?" she giggled.

Carl frowned. "The back . . . first," he said. Pink-nippled breasts were dancing in front of his eyes like whirling dervishes. He seemed to see thousands of them, running in and out.

Looking down at his patient's curved back, he tried to concentrate his attention on the red welt left on the smooth skin by the girdle top, but despite all he could do, his eyes ran over the firm mounds of flesh, scanned the dips and undulations and drank in the sheer white beauty of it all.

Placing his hands on the small of her back, he withdrew them immediately as Beulah started.

"Oohh! Your gloves are cold!" she cried. "Must you wear them?"

Unthinkingly, Carl peeled off the rubber gloves and applied his bare hands to the small of her back. As he tapped his fingers along her vertebrae, he became conscious of a tingling sensation in the tips of them. Looking down on her prostrate body, he noticed how the softness of her breasts was pushed into the pad covering the table, and how round globes of flesh were visible under each armpit. A faint aroma of gardenia scent arose from her body and eddied about his nostrils. Why did women drown themselves in perfumes, he wondered. Still, it was pleasantly cloying.

He could hear her regular breathing and could see the gentle rise and fall of her loins. Ernest's words passed through his mind, but he fought against listening to them. Finally he drew away.

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Carroll, but there's nothing there. Unless, of course, it's internal. If you care to take a series of X-rays, we may be able to find the cause."

She turned over, smiling up at him. "Nothing at all, Doctor?" she queried. Her hands came up and lifted her breasts just as the brassiere would have done if the clasp had not come miraculously undone. "You know," she said, "it's a trifle cold here." One hand dropped from a drooping breast and stroked the smooth surface of her right thigh. "I'm chilled."

Carl walked over to the radiator and felt it. "Plenty of heat coming up," he said.

She cupped her left breast in both hands, squeezing the flesh into a cone shape. "Oh, Doctor," she said, "by the way. There's a funny rash on my breast." One finger indicated an area close to the nipple. "Right here, see."

Carl bent over, but could see nothing marring the soft symmetry of the white mound. "No, I don't see anything."

At the moment, her breast was aching to have his hand cup it and massage it gently. She curled one leg under the other and undulated her hips. "Are you sure there's nothing there, Doctor?" she whispered, pursing her lips and dampening their ruby-red surfaces with the tip of a pink tongue.

Carl turned away. "Nothing at all, Mrs. Carroll," he replied coldly. "You can dress now."

Slightly disappointed, she swung her legs off the table and sat up.

A few minutes later, fully dressed, but with her coat open, she looked up at Carl in bidding him good-bye. "I hate to bother you like this, Doctor," she said, "but it did pain last night. You must think I'm an awfully silly woman."

Carl smiled superficially. "No, Mrs. Carroll, hardly," he replied. Her dress was cut with a cowl-neck and he could see the upper circles of her breasts pressed close together and forming a dark valley in between. He walked towards the door. "Don't hesitate to call if you don't feel well," he said.

She smiled, almost winking one heavy eye. "Don't worry, Doctor, I will."

"So YOU THINK all girls of my age are virgins, huh?"

Pert, blonde Edna Bellem, promising, youthful sub-deb, swung off Carl's examination table and paraded about the room in her stocking feet. Her bobbed hair was in keeping with the slender, almost elfin perfection of her young, immature body. Tiny, snow-apple

breasts, with little ruby-chip nipples, jiggled on her upper torso, while her boyish hips and loins swayed gently as she walked.

Carl had just completed examining her for College Entrance, and was filling out the blank at his desk. He looked up, almost peering over his glasses in surprise.

"Why—er—Miss Bellem—er—"

Edna waved her hand. "Oh, you doctors make me sick. You've got the old-fogeyish idea that a girl must be twenty-five and married before a man can touch her. How many virgins do you think there are in my set?"

Carl bit his lips. "When were you born, Miss Bellem?" he queried, pen poised.

She stopped, hands on slim hips. "I'll be seventeen on March the twelfth. Figure it out for yourself."

Carl did some mental addition. "That's March 12th, 1917. You were a war baby, weren't you?"

Edna came over and leaned over his shoulder. "Say, what do they want on that thing, my family tree?"

It was the first time Carl had ever had a feminine body so close to him. He could feel her hard breasts pressing against his shoulders, and his left hip adhered to her thigh. Edna shivered as the little nipples of her bosom brushed his white, starched uniform.

"How old were you, Doc, when you first did it?" she queried impudently.

Carl coughed. "Why, Miss Bellem!" he ejaculated.

She threw one slender, nude arm about his shoulders. "Aw, come on, be a good sport, Doc," she laughed. "Confess to little Edna and some night I'll invite you up to the Sorority House to meet some hot numbers."

Completely taken aback by the girl's brazenness, Carl could only continue filling out the form, the hand holding the pen, quivering as though with palsy. She sat down on the edge of his chair, her blonde head close to his.

"Come on, Doc, tell little Edna," she pleaded.

Carl stood up, brushing hard against her and almost toppling her over. "Please, Miss Bellem, your behaviour is outrageous," he stormed.

Edna cupped her tiny breasts. "You hurt me," she pouted. "Your elbow hit me."

When she had gone, Carl paced his waiting room, gritting his teeth. "If she were mine, I'd spank her until she was black and blue!" he stormed, addressing his remarks to the four walls. "I've a good mind to call her mother!" At the phone he paused. After all, the Bellems were a good family to treat. They paid well and promptly, and if the mother was the same type, he might lose them. He turned away, kicking an inoffensive rug savagely.

Just as Carl was about to close up for the night, the phone rang. It was Ernest.

"Well, old man," he queried, "solved the problem yet?"

Carl scowled. "No, and I don't intend to. I've come to the conclusion that medicine is a filthy profession!"

"Filthy?"

"Yes, and disgusting."

His friend laughed over the phone. "You're in a swell mood. How about dinner with me?"

"Oh, all right. Where?"

"Meet me in the Astor lobby at seven."

ERNEST LEANED back in his chair, lit a cigarette and blew a cloud of smoke out with expansive satisfaction.

"I'd have kissed them if I were in your place," he said, following Carl's relating his experience of the afternoon. "If she calls up tomorrow and says they still hurt, send her over to my office for osculatory treatment." He grinned suggestively. "There will be no charge!"

Carl sipped his demi-tasse. "You take all these things too lightly, Ernest. It's a serious problem."

"But why make it your problem? Supposing the little squirt is a wild kid? Supposing she does make whoopee with every college Junior this side of the Mississippi? It certainly isn't your duty to show her the moral way, is it? She's got a mother and father and if they can't do it, certainly you can't." He leaned forward seriously. "Listen, if you don't do it, someone else will, so what the hell! She was just giving you an opening, that's all. Of course, it's safer with a married woman, but you can't afford to be choosey right now. Love 'em and leave 'em, that's my story."

Carl toyed with a spoon. "Supposing it was your sis—" he began, but Ernest interrupted.

"Sure, go ahead, ask me supposing it was my sister or my grandmother or my Aunt Minnie from Minneapolis! I'll ask you another question just as silly. Supposing it was Gilda Gray or Martha Washington or Cleopatra? Supposing it was Eve?" He crushed his cigarette into an ash tray. "Don't be a dope, Carl!" he insisted. "The next time you



look at a breast or a pair of thighs, think about something else besides what they're made of!"

Carl shook his head. "I'm afraid it's hopeless, Ernest."

Ernest's eyes narrowed. "Hopeless? I don't think so," he replied.

"RIGHT HERE, Doctor Winston."

The tall, lissome brunette pointed to a spot directly beneath a round, olive breast. Carl extended his hand and touched the area gingerly. It was the day after the dinner with Ernest and everything was fresh in his mind.

"You see, I'm a trained nurse," she explained, "but jobs are hard to procure. I'd like to connect with some office."

Carl listened attentively but failed to reply. Somehow, this girl was affecting him much more than any of his other patients did.

"I was afraid it was cancer of the—of the breast," she explained, pressing a forefinger into a resilient mound. "There seems to be a little lump right here, besides that red spot below."

As much as he tried to control it, his hand moved up and touched her breast.

"That — that's nothing," he stammered, thrilling to the roundness of the heavy-nippled charm, its soft contours and its warmth.

She seemed to sway in his direction and the full breast dropped into his palm. Her lips, damp and sensually inviting hovered close to his. He felt a deep thrill.

How it ever happened, Carl never knew, but momentarily, his lips met hers. Under the passionate grip of that one kiss, he could feel all the pent-up desire of years flowing out rapturously, and his hand moved up and down her torso, pressing, squeezing, lifting, in a mad, delirious ecstasy.

Unable to stand it any longer, he lifted her off the table and carried her to the couch. Kneeling at her side, he buried his face in between the heaving prominence of her breasts.

It was only minutes, but it seemed like hours, when she stirred in his arms as the waiting room door opened and Ernest walked in. She smiled at him knowingly.

"Sorry," she said, as Carl turned around to see who the intruder was, "but Dr. Winston works by appointment only."

Ernest nodded. "O. K., Grace," he replied, backing out quietly.

Carl looked at her, dazed. "You know—you know Ernest—Dr. Sandler?" he queried.

Grace nodded. "Yes, he recommended you."

"Oh!"

"And I'm your new nurse, Dr. Winston," she whispered.

"And my new wife," he added, kissing her.

"By appointment only," she murmured, thrilling to his caress.


For the May issue

# TOM KANE

has written a story to delight the hearts of readers of PEP.

Be sure to read

## GET THAT MAN!

next month

*A ripping, rollicking yarn!*



# "Pullman Frolics"

BY

JEAN MAXWELL

IT WAS A RATHER disconsolate young man who sat early one evening in the club of the Northern Limited, gazing disinterestedly at the southern landscape unfolding and fading in a panorama of motion as the train clicked off the intervening miles between the palm groves of Miami and the skyscrapers of New York.

A month of Florida sunshine had bronzed the handsome countenance of Clyde Manning, and the petulant frown that creased his forehead was not due to any dissatisfaction or disappointment with his sojourn in tropical climes. He was simply contemplating the dubious restfulness of a night in an upper berth!

He had neglected to make early reservations, counting on the fact that it was late in the season and optimistically thinking that the train wouldn't be crowded because most of the winter vacationists had already departed for the north.

"If there is anything I do hate it is an upper berth," commented Clyde, peevishly, crushing out his cigarette.

Picking up a magazine, he thumbed through its pages, seeking to divert his thoughts, but quickly tossed it away and resumed his bored observation of the lowlands rushing past the window.

The slow drawl of a white-coated, white-aproned, ebony-faced figure, who passed down the corridor of the club car, dissipated his pessimistic reverie.

"Dinner is served!" the voice droned. "Dining car forward!"

Clyde listened to the repetition of the sing-song summons until the waiter vanished, then he bestirred himself.

"Guess I'll feel better after a good dinner," he thought, getting on his feet and starting the swaying journey toward the dining car.

The Limited was pounding the rails at a pace which ate mile after mile in less than sixty seconds, and frequent curves in the roadbed threatened to upset the equilibrium of any passenger who happened to be walking the aisles. Clyde was no exception. His passage through the train was a series of sudden lurches, frantic clutches at anything within reach that might prove to be a stabilizing influence, and pauses before resuming his onward progress.

He was threading his way along the narrow corridor of a compartment car, bumping from side to side, and wishing that dining cars were not always located at incredible distances from where one happened to be sitting at meal time, when the door of a compartment opened.

At that instant, the Limited took a sharp curve at disconcerting speed; and, a moment later, Clyde found himself embracing the cuddly form of a girl who had been catapulted into his arms!

"Hooooo!" he murmured.

"Ahhhhh!" she gasped.

Clyde always tried to be a gentleman, however difficult it might be and however tempting the object that confronted him . . . He tried to remove his arms, but the impetus of the train seemed to throw the girl more inexorably against him. . . . Such proximity was decidedly embarrassing, particularly when one's hand had unintentionally contacted a voluptuous breast covered only by the slick sheen of a traveling suit of silk above a chiffon blouse, and when the heady sweetness of gardenia perfume filled one's nostrils!

Clyde's hand disconnected itself from that luscious breast and went to the yielding slimness of a waist that appeared to be as resilient as a taut rubber band. . . . That, too, was disturbing, so Clyde succeeded in confining his grip to the upper portion of a slender arm, which was permissible, in his estimation, because she might have fallen if he had relinquished all hold upon her.

Then he realized that he was gazing into azure eyes that sparkled like diamonds, illuminating as pretty a face as he had ever seen anywhere, while the scarlet fullness of a bee-stung mouth was open in an expression of surprise.

"A thousand pardons for bumping into you like this," he apologized, grinning disarmingly.

"A thousand thanks for saving me from a fall," she smiled. "This train reminds me of a scenic railway in an amusement park."

"Only more so," he added.

Clyde felt her shrinking away from him,

attempting to disengage her arm, but the Limited repeated its breath-taking sweep around another curve, and when it straightened out again he was enjoying the thrill of a little hand clinging to the lapel of his coat.

"Heavens alive!" she laughed. "I was on my way to the dining car, but maybe I'd better wait until the engineer decides to slow down."

She turned to re-enter her compartment. Clyde remarked:

"That was my objective, too! Between us we ought to be able to travel the rocky road to the diner and save each other from starvation or accident."

"I doubt it!" she retorted.

"Shall we try?" he suggested. "It might be fun."

"Loads of fun, I think," she smiled.

Unhesitatingly now, she tucked her hand into the crook of his elbow and they started forth, but almost immediately she nearly lost her balance.

"Better let me take your arm," he proposed, firmly grasping her elbow.

They progressed more sure-footedly that way, and Clyde devoutly prayed that the trip might continue indefinitely . . . A few minutes earlier he had been cursing the railroad for placing the dining car so very far forward . . . Now he wished it was much further away than it was!

The haunting sweetness of fresh gardenias, warmed by the vibrant personality of the girl herself, made intoxicatingly fragrant each breath he drew, and as they swayed to and fro up the aisles of several cars, the lush softness of an unbrassiered breast frequently brushed against the back of the hand which clasped her arm.

Her head was a mass of russet-brown curls arranged in a becoming coiffure about her neck and ears, and she was constantly glancing up at him with a devastating smile and a starry twinkle in her eyes.

However, all too soon for Clyde, they reached the dining car and the sedate steward conducted them to the only vacant table for two.

After he was seated opposite her, Clyde beamed: "We made it, didn't we?"

"Safe and sound!" she replied.

"Possibly I should have requested the privilege of sitting at your table," he continued. "Is it too late for me to ask?"

"Far too late!" she laughed. "But it wasn't necessary in the first place. I'd have been much disappointed if you hadn't stayed with me, because after dinner I must undertake the dangerous journey back to my compartment, and I'd dread taking it alone."

"I'll gladly be your guardian angel," he grinned. "As for myself, I don't relish the idea of climbing into an upper berth with this train reeling along the track like a man on a drunken spree."

"An upper?" she queried, surprised.

"Nothing else!" He shook his head dolefully. "The train was sold out when I bought my tickets."

"Too bad!" she commented, carelessly, dropping her eyes to the menu.

Clyde watched her, utterly fascinated by her loveliness . . . the pink and white tints of her complexion, the arching column of her neck, the attractiveness of her hair, that magnetically kissable mouth, and the gloriously rounded body that showed to such perfection beneath the silk suit draping her contours. . . . Then he noticed for the first time a band of platinum around a significant finger of her left hand.

Clyde heaved a sigh. "That would be my luck!" he thought.

WITHIN THE HOUR, they were retracing their steps along the aisles of vestibuled cars, while she clung to him laughingly. . . . Twice he had to put his arm about her to avoid a lurching fall, and Clyde wished that the engineer would become more reckless than ever! . . . She was quite the most delicious armful he had ever held!

Inevitably, they arrived at the door of her compartment, and a warm hand snuggled against his palm while pliant fingers gripped his in a friendly shake.

"Thanks for your kindness," she smiled.

"Not at all," he said. "Thank you for one of the most pleasant hours of my life."

With her hand on the door, she hesitated, then murmured: "I was about to say goodnight, but perhaps you might like to drop in for a cigarette."

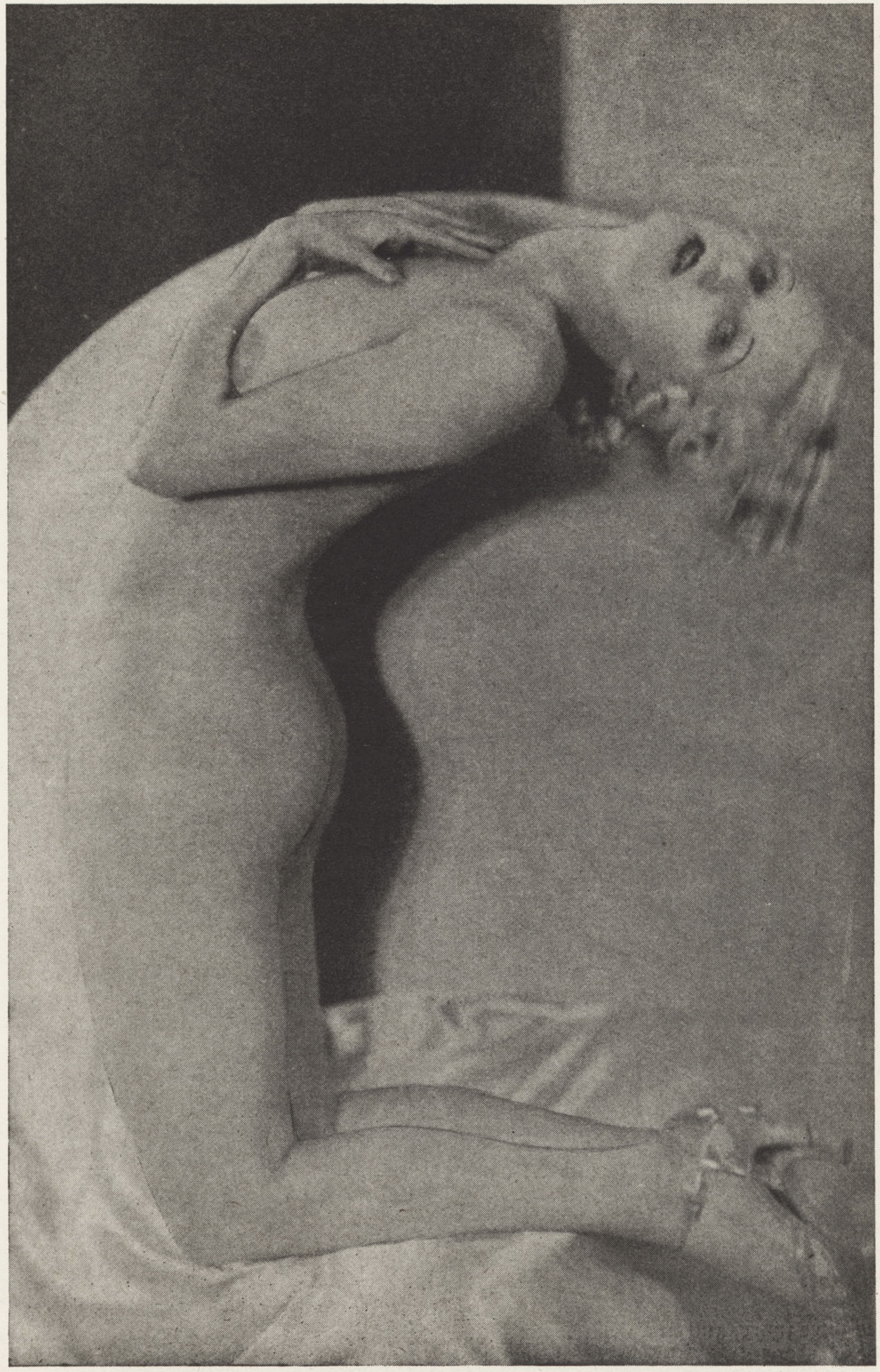
"I was hoping you would ask me," he said, jubilantly.

Inside the compartment, she gasped: "Oh, the porter has already made up my berth!"

Clyde looked rueful. "Then I'm to be disappointed, anyway?"

She laughed. "Never mind!" Glancing at the white sheets, the inviting pillows, the intimate air of the place, she added:

"If you can find a seat, we'll smoke our



cigarettes together just the same, although this is a bit sophisticated. . . . It's almost like asking a stranger into my bedroom!"

Clyde stared deeply into her eyes. "I'm your guardian angel, not a stranger, and my name is Clyde Manning."

Curling lashes dropped like a curtain veiling the blue. "I was just wondering why we hadn't introduced ourselves. . . . I'm Mrs. Kent . . . Sally, to all my friends."

"Am I your friend?"

"More than a friend!" she smiled, teasingly. "Didn't you say you were my guardian angel?"

He offered her his cigarette case, and in a moment the air was redolent of fragrant tobacco blended with the sweetness of the gardenia perfume that seemed to be an indelible part of her personality.

"You're one of the late birds flying north?" he remarked, after she had propped some pillows behind her back and was half reclining at ease, forming the most enticing picture of feminine allure that Clyde had ever hoped to see.

"Rather!" she replied. "My husband went back to New York a couple of weeks ago, but I stayed on. . . . I'm simply wild about Florida!"

"Did you stay in Miami?" he asked.

"Just outside of town!" she replied. "We have a bungalow and a private bit of beach that is simply marvelous for sunbathing!"

"I can imagine!" he murmured.

"Don't use your imagination!" she laughed. "I've got some snaps of the place somewhere . . . let me see!"

She glided out of the berth and reached for her handbag. "Here they are!"

Clyde took the batch of photographs, and was on the verge of glancing through them when she said, carelessly: "It's so warm in here, I think I'll take off the coat of this suit!"

It was tossed into the regions above the berth, and Clyde forgot the pictures in his hand as he stared at the sheer, sleeveless blouse that was now displayed for his delectation, outlining the enchanting fullness of breasts that sprang in rounded magnificence from her bosom, their pointed tips clearly delineated.

Suddenly she screamed! The train had lurched once more, and in a flash Clyde found that he was possessed again of a charmingly soft bundle of gardenia-scented femininity!

"Sorry!" she laughed, squirming out of his arms. "This is quite the roughest train trip I've ever taken!"

She was even more alluring now, as she leaned back against the pillows and took the photographs from him.

"Let me explain them to you!"

The first was a picture of the bungalow itself, a vine-covered structure opening directly on to the white sands of a typical Florida beach. . . . Then snaps of a luxurious interior, a comfortable porch with a pillow-strewn hammock, and poses of Sally herself in beach pajamas and swim suits that were merely strips of knitted silk covering only a fraction of her gorgeous figure.

"Wait a moment!" she smiled, leaning away from him and hurriedly looking through the rest of the pictures. "These are some that you shouldn't see!"

"Oh, please!" he pleaded.

"No, no, no!" she replied. "Didn't I tell you that our private beach was a wonderful spot for sunbaths?"

"I remember!" he laughed.

"I always took a sunbath every morning with my girl-friend, Sue Warner, and we sometimes snapped pictures of each other . . . just for the fun of the thing . . . you know!" Sally blushed prettily.

"Let me see!" he murmured, extending his hand for the photos.

"Oh, Clyde Manning!" she whispered, tantalizingly. "I'm surprised at you! Guardian angels should never see their wards taking sunbaths minus even a swimsuit!"

The voluptuousness of her breasts strained against the silky texture of her blouse in maddening loveliness, and the edge of her skirt, creeping upward, disclosed the beginnings of pulsing thighs, while the tip of a very pink tongue showed between pearly teeth as she laughed at him.

"Better look at those photos in my swimsuit!" she suggested. "It would be much more healthy for your heart."

Clyde glanced down at the snapshot in his hand.

"But guardian angels should see everything!" he said.

"Well, you're seeing almost everything when you see me in that swimsuit!" she giggled. "My husband says that it is really a disgrace to design such garments, but I love them! . . . When I swim, it is just as though I have nothing whatever on me, and any good swimmer will tell you that is the only real way to swim!"

Clyde gorged his eyes with her beauty. "Then I'm not to see those other snapshots?"

Sally shook her russet curls. "That would be scandalous!"

He crushed out his cigarette. "All right, then, I guess I'll be thanking you for a pleasant evening and betaking myself to the perilous precincts of my upper berth."

"I'd like to drink to the health and happiness of my guardian angel before he leaves me," she murmured.

"In what, may I ask . . . clear water?" he smiled.

"Silly!" she said. "Open that bag over there and you'll find one of the finest bottles of rare old bacardi that you've ever tasted!"

Clyde clicked the lock on the bag. Beneath a bewildering array of dainty lingerie that wafted gardenia perfume to his nostrils, he found the bottle, and popped the cork. Into paper cups he poured a plentiful quantity, and handed one to Sally.

"This is a treat!" he said.

"Consider yourself highly honored!" she declared. "It's not every man that I would invite into my compartment to join me in a goodnight cigarette. . . . Not many men would be permitted to see those photographs in that swimsuit. . . . And as for offering bacardi to comparative strangers . . . well, Clyde Manning, I'm even surprised at myself tonight!"

"You're a grand girl!" he murmured, wholeheartedly.

"Thanks!" she laughed. "Now don't be so serious! Quaff that drink and . . . sleep tight!"

Sitting on the edge of the berth, he raised his eyes above the rim of the cup as he drank, and met the full brilliance of her sparkling orbs gazing steadily at him as she did likewise. Then they tossed the cups away.

"Delicious!" he said.

She tucked one curving leg beneath her, thus exhibiting a greater expanse of gossamer stocking and a more delectable area of softly swelling thigh.

"I'd enjoy one more cigarette before you go," she hinted.

Clyde produced his case, and she settled back on the pillows with a graceful, tigerish undulation of her body.

"And, maybe, another nip of bacardi," she suggested.

Clyde's hand quivered nervously as he tipped the bottle.

IT WAS SEVERAL cigarettes and several bacardis later that Sally whispered:

"It's time for all guardian angels to fly away!"

"Getting sleepy?" Clyde murmured, his mind in a flame of desire for at least one kiss from those scarlet lips smiling at him so teasingly.

"Bacardi's always make me sleepy!" she said, again undulating her lovely body and sighing.

"Goodnight," he muttered, bending over her.

"Goodnight," she breathed.

The warm, scented zephyr of her breath fanned his cheek, and the fragrance of gardenia proved to be an even more heady potion than the bacardi.

"Gorgeous creature!" he murmured.

"Do you really mean that?" she smiled.

"Do you doubt it?"

Her eyelids fluttered as his lips were drawn irresistibly toward the kiss-provoking lusciousness of her scarlet mouth, but she swiftly turned her face aside at the instant that his lips touched hers.

"Don't, Clyde, please don't!" she whispered.

"One goodnight kiss?" he pleaded.

"If that were only all!" she sighed. "But it wouldn't be! You know it wouldn't."

"I promise heartily!"

His arm was inserting itself beneath her back, and he was thrilling to the feel of smooth skin below her sheer blouse.

She patted his cheek.

"Yes, you promise!" she said. "And perhaps that promise would be kept as far as you are concerned! . . . But a kiss means much more than just a kiss to me! . . . It's something that reminds me of the storybook tales of paradise. . . . It eats into my very soul!"

In the shadow of the berth Clyde's hand crept up to caress the full voluptuousness of a breast that was silkier than the chiffon which covered its lushness, and the amorously sharpened point of a passionate nipple bored against his palm.

Sally closed her eyes. "One goodnight kiss!" she repeated. "No, Clyde, there is no such thing . . . not with me, anyway!"

She buried her face in the pillow.

Clyde, with a superhuman effort, pulled himself away from her.

(*Please turn to page* 61)



# This Is the Missus!

BY

REGGIE COGHLAN

AUSTIN DAVIS found it increasingly difficult to transfer his gaze from the tiny figure of a girl as she glided across the dance floor in the arms of a member of the college set. Five minutes before, he had been berating himself for having permitted one of the youngsters to talk him into attending the inane fraternity revel. Five minutes before he had felt every one of his thirty-two years. Now—!

But he could scarcely reproach himself for having altered his sentiments in regard to the entire affair. She was so magnificent a creature, so lovely, so vital! And just the type of soulful blonde he had worshiped from his earliest days!

He thrilled to the careless manner in which her light golden hair swayed as she danced; to the height of her snowy forehead and to the impish tilt of her nose; to the depth of her heavily lashed blue eyes and to the carmine sweetness of her lips. Never in all his life had he seen a more graceful neck or throat, or stared at the impressions of breasts lovely enough to drive the blood through his veins at a trebled clip.

There was no alternative; unless he held her irresistible body close to his and buried his hot lips in the fragrance of her own, days would no longer be worth the effort nor nights the trouble. In one grand flash of illumination it was revealed to Austin Davis that other women simply didn't exist!

How he summoned the courage to move across the crowded dance floor and "cut in" on her as she waltzed with a groggy upperclassman he never knew; it was enough that he had succeeded in his resolve.

"Having fun?" he whispered, thrilled with the pride of possession.

The full power of her battery of blue eyes was released on him, and her half smile shook him from stem to stern.

"It's glorious," she gave back. "Isn't it a pity we can't go on dancing like this forever, never giving a thought to anything other than happiness?"

"No," he replied, rather bluntly. "I've a million things I want to tell you, and a single thing I've got to ask you. How in the devil could I bring them up—just dancing?"

She eyed him curiously. "At least," she said, "you'd be assured that I'd never plead boredom—while dancing!"

"The things I'd tell you wouldn't bore you, little vixen!"

"No-o-o-o?" Rather coquettishly.

"No!" Decisively.

"Why?"

"Because they'd really mean something to you, if I've correctly interpreted certain little glances you've bestowed on me!"

"Don't be foolish; the cocktails I've had are affecting my eyes!"

"Maybe, but I doubt it. A year ago, I might have fallen for an alibi like that from the lips of a pretty girl, but I've developed in worldly wisdom since. You'll admit that you like me, won't you?"

"I liked you from the first moment I saw you."

"Only liked?"

"I refuse to answer; that's incriminating!"

"Sweet girl!" His embrace tightened a little. "What's your favorite nickname to these kids?"

"Birdie. Like it?"

"Plenty. You're Birdie to me in the future. Somehow or other, it makes me feel ten years younger to call you that!"

"That's over my head, but I'm proud of the reaction. What would you like to be called?"

"Austin. Sap that I was, I never found time to play until recently, and the youngsters are a little shy of pinning a trick tag to me."

"I'll call you Playboy, then. That's what they call the almost senile sugar daddies on Broadway when they finally awaken to sex-appeal and Primrose Pathology."

"Playboy to you, Birdie." Austin laughed for the first time that night.

She seemed to lean closer to him. "About those mysterious things you'd like to say and ask," she reminded, "ready?"

The waltz was slowly drawing to an end. It would be a matter of seconds now when she would be snatched from his arms.




*"I've a reputation for bravery that has netted me three medals," she admitted.*

*"Then would you dare sneak out of here with me for a midnight cocktail?"*

"Feeling a bit courageous?" he murmured, fighting down a wave of emotion.

She nodded. "I've a reputation for bravery that has already netted me three medals," she admitted.

"Then would you dare to sneak out of here and let me cart you to my apartment for a midnight cocktail confab?"

She seemed to hesitate, and a slow blush crept over her features. Austin would have given plenty to be in a position to read her mind at that moment.

"I'm game," she said finally. "Just give me your word that you'll terminate the confab at two sharp without benefit of fireworks, and I'll lend a willing ear to your little piece."

"That—that's swell of you!"

The last chords of the waltz were drowned in a burst of applause from the dancers. Austin's first magical moment had ended; but—!

"Let's hurry," Birdie urged. "Never mind our things; we'll get them when we return. There's a side entrance we can slip through without being seen."

Austin pressed her hand. "Lead the way, miracle girl!" he whispered hoarsely. "If things break right, that side entrance will resolve itself into the main gate of Paradise!"

Birdie snuggled beside him in the roomy roadster as they drove through the darkened streets of the college town to his apartment. A mantle of silence seemed to have fallen over him, and she made no effort to lift it. She knew that he was planning a definite course of action, mapping out his entire campaign in his traditional methodical fashion. Any manner or form of conversation now might spoil everything. She suddenly realized that patience, as well as courage, was a virtue to which she might lay claim in future enumerations.

IT WAS A LITTLE after midnight when he led her up the heavily carpeted stairs to his apartment in the Trenton. It was a discreet move; elevator attendants were not members of the close-lipped breed.

"Nice, quiet surroundings," she commented, after he had made her comfortable on the divan and proceeded to pour them a cocktail from a thermos.

"Too damned quiet!" he gave back.

"And respectable," she added.

"And too damned respectable!" He bit his lip. "Have a drink, Perfection, and join me in a toast to the folly of wisdom!"

She accepted the glass he handed her, and lifted it to meet his own. She was smiling now at his deadly seriousness.

"To your toast, Playboy!" she cried, looking him square in the face. "To the happiness in life that fools overlook in their quest for wisdom!"

He winced, but he downed the toast without further comment. Birdie was a much more intelligent girl than he'd hitherto imagined; she understood! When he thought of all the years he'd wasted, too busy to play, too busy to love, even —!

Seating himself beside her, he slipped his arm along the back of the davenport and lowered his head to hers.

"First of all," he began, "I want you to know that I'm wild about you!"

"Quite naturally," she returned calmly. "Men rarely go as far as you've gone with me unless they're at least infatuated."

"I wouldn't doubt it for an instant."

"And you do love me, in spite of your veneer of indifference?"

"Perhaps."

"Then why—?" He hesitated.

"Why what?" She smiled roguishly.

"Why not surrender to that love and make the most of it?" he pleaded. "We—we'd have so much to live for!"

"With your kind of love to feed the flames?"

"With our kind of love!" His arm closed hard about her. "Sweetheart, won't you try to understand?"

She strove to draw away from him, and with a swift motion of her head, she designated the huge shelves of legal books which lined the walls of his living room.

"It's genuine love, I tell you!"

"I understand only too well," she said quietly. "Your heart and soul are buried between the pages of those musty law books. You'd never have time to live—or love!"

"The hell I wouldn't!" He was suddenly savage. "I've torn myself away from them for over a year, and I've played with the enthusiasm of a schoolboy! Though I've been careful to do nothing outwardly that would endanger my legal reputation, I've learned to find time every day of my life for the sort of relaxation that would appeal to you! Give me a chance to prove it; I'm only asking for a single chance!"

"I—I'm afraid!"

"You mean you won't decide!"

"Not yet!"

"Now!" He kissed her fiercely on the lips. "You must love me, otherwise you'd never have come up here with me. It's up to me to convince you now that you'd be a fool to refuse!"

"How?" Her voice was scarcely intelligible.

"By claiming you for my own; by holding you—and keeping you!"

"You couldn't be such a beast!"

"I've no other alternative!" He crushed his mouth against hers and drank in the unwilling kisses she gave him. "You're mine, dearest, and it would be criminal to do otherwise!"

"Please!" she begged. "I'd hate you—!"

But Austin had already passed the stage where argument might have swayed him from his purpose. He threw all restraint to the winds.

"You came!" he murmured. "You loved me enough to come!"

His hot breath was on her cheek, and his hungry mouth closed over hers. Loving him as she did, his kisses scorched her to her very soul. She shivered deliciously as her lips clung to his. Conscious only of the rapture of his arms about her and the exquisite tingles occasioned by his kisses and embraces, she yielded ardently to his caresses. . . .




*"Nice, quiet surroundings," she commented, after getting comfortable on the divan.*

THE MORNING STAR hung high in the heavens when Austin and his utterly convinced — and quite submissive — Birdie emerged temporarily from the Realm of Eros.

"And you wanted me to let you go!" he reproached, his voice filled with a joy that almost consumed him.

She nestled contentedly on his chest. "I—




*He kissed her fiercely. "You must love me, otherwise you would never have come up here with me."*

I must have been crazy!" she echoed. "Austin, darling, I never knew!"

"You know now!" he insisted. "I never blamed you for deserting me an hour after the ceremony that made you mine, precious! A thousand times I've cursed myself for being so great an ass! Think of it: Married to the loveliest girl in the world, and completely forgetting her a few minutes before the start of what should have been a glorious honeymoon, just because some other idiot wired me for legal advice that required four hours to prepare! Think of how I must have shattered your every illusion!"

"But we want to forget that horrible past, don't we, dearest?" she murmured. "We'll be so, so wonderfully happy together!"

"You're damned right we will!" he cried. "And if I ever show the slightest sign of falling back into my evil ways, just remind me with your kind of kisses! You're going to be the happiest little woman in the world, Mrs. Austin Davis!"

# "Taxi-Girl!"

BY

GLORIA DEAN

(Part One)

THE YAWNING entrance of the Longacre Garage, in the shadow of the Ninth Avenue elevated structure not far from Times Square, stood as a lonely, dimly-lit sentinel in an otherwise darkened block. The hour was long past midnight.

A driving rainstorm, blown inward by sudden gusts of wind, caused tiny pools to form on the concrete floor, and, in the reflected light of overhanging arc lamps, the murk was strangely and incongruously illumined by streaks of rainbow colors where water declined to mix with grease and oil.

The long rows of automobiles, stretching against the walls, were silent and deserted, but from somewhere came the occasional sound of rattling tools and metal striking metal.

Then, without preliminary warning, the sleepy atmosphere was livened by the coughing roar of a motor and the piercing headlight beams of a taxicab ascending the ramp. Swiftly it coursed down the center aisle, stopped with a jerk and slowly swung around to back into its customary parking place.

One might normally have expected to see the usual type of masculine chauffeur slide from behind the wheel, but, surprisingly, there emerged a rain-coated figure that was undeniably feminine.

Simultaneously, out of the dim interior of the garage, a young man in overalls appeared.

"Hello, Daisy!" he greeted the chauffeur.

"Hello, Frank!" she called.

"How is every little thing tonight?"

"Wet!"

"I said *every* little thing!" grinned Frank.

"And I said wet!" retorted Daisy. "But I don't think that I mean what you mean."

She pulled off her gloves and threw them on the driver's seat of the taxicab. Unbuttoning the raincoat, she spread it over the hood of the car to dry.

"Some night out there!" she said. "It hasn't stopped raining for a minute."

"Business must have been good!" he remarked.

"Not so bad!" she rejoined, nonchalantly.

"Come on in to the office!" he invited. "I've got some good rye in there that's just made for a rainy night like this."

"Lead me to it!" sighed Daisy. "I could do with a good shot of it." Pulling off the cap that sat jauntily on her chestnut curls, she tossed it beside the gloves.

A single bulb burned in the cubicle that Frank called an office.

"You go on in and pour a glass full, while I change this skirt of mine." said Daisy. "And I ought to change these stockings and shoes, too! I won't be long."

"Need any help?" smiled Frank.

"Aren't you kind?" drawled Daisy. "Where did you ever learn to be a lady's maid?"

"You'd be surprised!"

"Maybe I wouldn't!"

"It's interesting!"

Daisy laughed. "I can imagine. But take my advice and stick to the automobiles, because they're less dangerous than women."

She walked off hurriedly in the direction of the restroom, where she kept a locker with an emergency change of apparel. Frank followed her with his eyes, and she was certainly an eyeful! The dampened skirt clung to her lissom hips with a tenuosity that revealed delightful curves and succinct indentations, while gorgeously full breasts, unhampered by the restraint of a brassiere, bobbed softly under her blouse with every step she took.

"What a gal!" Frank heaved a sigh. "*What a gal is Daisy!*"

In the cloistered privacy of the deserted restroom, she speedily took off shoes and stockings and whisked off her skirt. It was then that one might have been excused for wondering why Daisy was driving a taxicab in the hectic perlieus of New York instead of displaying her charms in some Broadway musical show!

Knitted silk panties, that served the double purpose of being warm as well as pretty, jealously guarded the rounded area of hip and thigh which they hugged in skin-tight intimacy. Legs like Daisy's were never designed to be exercised in the utilitarian occupation



of operating foot-pedal brakes and gas accelerators of a taxicab!

And when she decided to change her blouse, too, the dainty charm of a knitted silk vestee by no means spoiled the sweet voluptuousness of a torso beautified by breasts that were the *ne plus ultra* of magnificent firmness and fullness! Beneath the vestee, chocolate-tinted circles of extraordinary circumference faded at the outer edges into the creaminess of her skin, and formed a lovely bed for the crimson glow of ripe cherry nipples, always lusciously distended in amorous invitation.

Slender arms, just fleshy enough to be delicious, made one avidly desirous of the unadulterated bliss of their embrace, and the artistic slope of her shoulders merged with the slim column of her neck in sweeping lines of sculptored delicacy!

The chestnut color of her hair matched eyes that were richly brown saucers, fringed by thickly curling lashes. As pretty a nose as ever tilted its saucily *retrousse* pointedness on a chorine seemed to lend enchantment to a flower of a mouth with moistly scarlet pouting lips which evoked a deep thirst for the heaven of her kiss.

It wasn't so very long ago that Daisy's familiarity with taxicabs lay only in their passenger-carrying qualities. It was then that she drove her own rakish roadster, and condescended to travel in a taxicab only when her own car was being tuned up by the same garage in which she now parked her cab.

You've seen her in the Follies! You've been startled by her beauty in the Scandals! You've been thrilled by her unadorned loveliness in the Vanities! But you wouldn't recognize her by the name of Daisy! Theater programs bore a different appellation then.

Steadily up the ladder of fame she went . . . And suddenly the bubble burst . . . Depression came . . . Show business went aglimmering . . . And she found herself out of a job, with theatrical producers thinking of anything else under the sun but the hazardous venture of casting new musical shows.

Something had to be done about it . . . Of course, anyone as lovely as she would have found it an easy matter to become a "gold-digger" and surrender her charms to the lustful desires of some avaricious male who still had sufficient income to pay her board and lodging . . . But she wasn't that kind of a chorine.

She despised office work of any kind, and she wasn't tall enough to be a dress model . . . Before she went on the stage, she had been a salesgirl in a department store.

"No more of that for me!" she declared.

What to do? . . . She lay in bed night after night, cuddling her lovely form under the sheets, wondering just what the future had in store for her! . . . Then, one day, she saw a woman driving a taxicab!

"There ought to be money in it, if you know how to wheedle tips and be nice to passengers!" she thought. "And with what I've got, I certainly ought to be able to make the men dig down into their pants pockets without letting them get *too* familiar!"

So, strange as it may seem, she sold her sport roadster, used the money to make the down payment on a taxicab, changed her name and started out in the world of transportation as Daisy, the taxi-girl!

Frank, at the garage, told her she was crazy. She only laughed.

"Maybe I'm not as nutty as I seem!" she said.

"Yes, but that's no life for you!" he retorted.

"We'll see!" she replied. "I'll keep my cab here, and it'll be up to you to keep it in perfect condition for me!"

Frank had gazed deep into her brown eyes. "If you insist on going into the taxi business, girlie, then I can promise you that your cab will never want for attention!"

"You're a darling!" she had said.

Thus it was that one of the most beautiful show-girls in New York became a taxicab owner and operator! . . . You may be lucky enough to signal her cab some time! . . . But that's a difficult matter, because it's nearly always engaged!

AFTER DONNING dry shoes and stockings, a fresh blouse and skirt, and powdering her nose, not to mention the application of a lipstick on a mouth that really needed no cosmetics, Daisy tripped across the garage floor and breezed into the office.

"Here I am!" she exclaimed, smiling.

"I've been waiting for you!" said Frank. He looked like a different person. The smudges of grease that had appeared on his hands and face, the soiled overalls, the mussed hair, had all vanished!

He had changed to a clean shirt and trousers, and his good looking countenance had been freshly scrubbed, while his hair had been combed to perfection.

"All dolled up, aren't you?" laughed Daisy.

"I wouldn't say that!" he grinned. "But when a fellow is entertaining a customer like you, dirty overalls and grease on his face and hands don't give the right impression!"

"Thanks for the kind words!" murmured Daisy. "Now where's that glass you were bragging about?"

"Right here!" replied Frank. "A bottle of ginger ale, too, but it's warm, because there's no ice."

"Never mind that!" said Daisy, hopping up on the desk. "I'm drinking this as medicine on a rainy night, not as a party highball!"

She picked up the glass. "Good luck, Frank!"

"Luck to you!" he said, fervently.

Daisy cleared her throat. "Gee! that's pretty good! Where did you get it? Bonded stock somewhere?"

Frank was pleased. "Oh, I know where there's some good stuff! And I got a bottle because I thought you'd be tired and wet and cold when you came in tonight."

Daisy's eyes surveyed him affectionately. "You're a swell guy!"

"Do you really think so?" Frank's tone was yearning.

"Sure I do!" she said. "You've been very nice to me."

"I'd like to have the right to be nice to you always," he rejoined, sitting on the desk beside her.

"Why can't you always be nice to me?" Her eyes twinkled.

"Aw, you know what I mean, Daisy!"

"Yeah, I know!" she smiled. "It seems to me I've heard the same sort of proposition somewhere else."

"I'm serious!"

"Then it's a proposal, not a proposition!"

Lovely legs were swinging to and fro over the edge of the desk, and cherry nipples were clearly outlined by the thinness of her blouse, which showed just how entrancingly enticing voluptuous breasts can be when they are clothed by silk. Daisy's one and only extravagance was clothes! Most of the taxicab profits went to purchase dainty underthings and silks and chiffon stockings. She loved to feel the caress of sheer cobweb garments on her skin!

"Hmmmm!" snorted Frank. "You ought to be able to tell whether I'm kidding you or not."

His arm tingled hotly when she laid her hand on his shirt sleeve. "Don't be serious!" she murmured. "Let's have another wee snifter of that good rye."

He poured the glasses, and she laughed as she raised hers to her lips.

"Life is a funny affair!" she said.

"Meaning what?" he asked.

"I was just thinking!" She gulped the contents of the glass. "A short time ago I was drinking champagne at parties on Park Avenue, and now I'm downing straight rye in a garage!"

"You could do worse!" he said.

"It's a laugh, though, isn't it?" she pursued.

His arm couldn't resist the urge to slip about her waist, and while he didn't deliberately seek the contact, yet his fingers touched the soft swelling of a glorious breast that had aroused sustained applause from many a sophisticated theater audience.

"Haven't I got a chance, Daisy?" he muttered.

She felt a quick thrill as his arm tightened around her, and amazingly sensitive breasts responded to the touch of his fingertips. She squirmed aside.

"Don't, Frank!" she murmured. "I was beginning to think that you were different from other fellows."

"I'm sorry!"

"That's all right!" she replied, smiling wanly. "You're not to be blamed, I suppose. It's natural for anybody to think I'm open to anything, under the circumstances."

"What circumstances?"

"Oh, driving a taxi, staying out nearly all night, roughing it this way, and all that!" she sighed.

"You should quit it!" he advised.

"It pays me more money than anything I know of, outside of the show business, and that's on the rocks!" she told him. "But I can still keep my wits about me and sleep alone!"

His hand had fallen away from the luscious breast that made his pulse pound madly, but his arm lingered around her waist. She felt it there, and allowed it to remain. She had been thoroughly warmed by the potent liquid she had consumed, almost *too* much so. Her temples were throbbing, her blood was racing hotly in her veins, waves of prickly pins-and-needles were sweeping over her, and she found herself wishing that his fingers would clip upward once again, and, this time, not merely tenderly touch but sink undulatingly into the



resilient softness of her passionately responsive breasts.

But Frank was staring down at the floor, engrossed with his thoughts and temporarily heedless of his opportunity.

"I'm making plenty of money in this garage, Daisy!" he remarked.

"That's fine!" she said.

"More than enough for you and me to live well on!" he continued. "I hate to see you dashing around in that taxicab at all hours. . . . We could furnish a nice apartment somewhere . . . Of course, if you don't think enough of me to get married, that's different."

"It isn't that, Frank!" she whispered. "But I'm not ready to be Mrs. Anybody yet. . . . I'm going back into the show business as soon as things get better over on Broadway."

"Huh!" he grunted. "Show business will never get you anywhere! Up one day and down the next!"

She sighed and slid off the desk. It was quite evident that he was too seriously marriage-minded at the moment to give her the flamingly hot caresses she craved, and she was too proud of her independence to share his enthusiasm for a wedding.

"Guess I'll run along home!" she said.

Frank glanced at the blustery weather outside.

"Wait a while!" he said. "Look at that rain!"

"I've been out in it all evening and most of the afternoon!" she laughed. "Alive and healthy as I am, a little more rain won't do me any harm."

"Have some more?" He touched the bottle.

"Not me!" She shook her head. "I've had enough medicine! More of it would certainly turn the occasion into a party!"

"Then I'll drive you home!" he said.

"You can't leave the garage to run itself now!" she smiled.

"Sam is down in the cellar!" he replied. "He can attend to anything that comes up while I'm gone."

DAISY WATCHED his lithe, muscular figure disappearing in the gloom at the rear of the garage, toward the cellar stairs, then she sauntered to the office window and peered out.

The rain was drenching the street in torrential cascades and pelting the windowpane with bulletlike drops. A steady drip, drip, drip came from the elevated highway, and a train went rushing past.

"Nice!" she murmured. "Awfully nice!"

The remark wasn't apropos of the stormy weather. She was thinking of Frank. Only a few minutes ago he had tentatively offered her a caress, and she had seemingly repulsed him with the statement that she had been thinking he was different from other fellows. . . . She had meant that he was not the kind who always wanted to lay hands on a girl and paw her as if nature intended her to be only a play-toy!

Daisy had endured much of that sort of thing during her theatrical career. In the wings waiting for a cue, running up and down the stairs from dressing room to stage, on the stage itself, at parties . . . any and everywhere that furtive caresses might be stolen . . . men seemed to think that she was public property!

She smiled as she recalled the gentle timidity with which Frank's fingertips had contacted her breast and quickly dropped away. . . . It was not the first time that she had felt masculine hands in that delectable spot, but it *was* the initial occasion that she had experienced the touch of Frank's fingers, and it had thrilled her!

He had actually talked of marriage . . . She had never thought of him in the role of either husband or lover before that night, but as simple a thing as the fleeting stroke of fingertips on a breast had kindled a flame that was waxing into a conflagration in her heart!

"He's going to get at least one goodnight kiss!" she thought. "I guess he *is* different from most of the other fellows I've met . . . He has got me hot and bothered all of a sudden."

The very idea thrilled her madly . . . A little hand crept up to her blouse and found the yielding softness of the breast that was still most amorously tingling in memory of Frank's first caress, and now aching for the really avid cupping of his hand . . . Against her palm its tip felt as hard as a cherry stone!

"Maybe I'm falling in love!" she whispered.

The staccato click of leather heels on concrete reached her ears. Frank came into the office scowling.

"Darn that guy Sam!" he exploded. "He isn't in the cellar. He's probably getting a cup of coffee down on the corner. He drinks more coffee every night than six ordinary men!"

"That's his weakness, hmmmm!" smiled Daisy.

(*Please turn to page* 62)

# Tough Baby

BY

KEN COOPER

BARBARA BAWLED lustily twenty seconds after she was born, startling an industrious doctor out of his wits and bringing a smile of satisfaction to John Baxter's parental-proud face.

At two, she was eating bananas with an adult voraciousness and talking a blue streak of baby gibberish. Looking at baby Barbara, sleeping in her crib, one would have imagined that her flaxen blonde hair, sweet, round-featured loveliness and pink cheeks were the physical attributes of an angel. It was this cuddly, butter-ball appearance that led to Barbara's being nicknamed "Bunny," and "Bunny" it was thereafter.

At thirteen, Bunny Baxter spurned the companionship of girls for the more vigorous camaraderie of boys. She could climb the same trees they scrambled up, swim the river when the current was strongest, steal apples with the like amount of dexterity, and participate, on the same basis, in all their sports and activities.

At fifteen, Bunny found herself approaching the state of hybridism—neither fish nor fowl, neither boy nor girl. Still repelled by the sissy activities of her girl contemporaries, her physical development, giving promise of a maturity that was to be lush and voluptuous, made it difficult to join with the male element on an equal footing.

The boys she had been accustomed to treating as equals, now grown to young manhood, viewed her in a different light than they had previously. The nubile jutting of her young breasts beneath her cotton dresses, bore a significance all their own. The curved widening of her hips and the filling out of her scrawny thighs, stamped her indelibly with the seal Bunny avoided . . . femininity!

In the privacy of the bathroom, she would press the firm hillocks of her breasts down, striving to force them back into the torso from which they had sprung, but succeeding only in causing her tiny nipples to react to the contact of her damp palms and grow taut and hard.

At eighteen, Bunny realized the impossibility of divorcing herself from her sex. The promise of adolescence had been fulfilled admirably, and now, where hard, conical mounds formerly held their carmine-nippled heads high and clear, round melons of resilient breasts had blossomed forth, the ecru circles around the nipples widening perceptibly, the buds themselves flowering into violet-red fullness. Blue eyes, bobbed blonde hair, luscious cherry-tinted lips and a body that was a symphony of curves and sensual undulations, proved a definite and dangerous lure for the affections and attentions of the opposite sex.

"SOMETIMES I feel like cutting them off!" she exclaimed, flicking the ashes of her cigarette into a perverse little dog tray in Myrna Cullen's home. "Why in heaven do women have to be ear-marked with breasts and wide hips and heavy thighs?"

Myrna smiled. "You're an idiot, Bunny," she replied. "Men are ear-marked too, if you know where to look. Haven't they beards and muscles and—and—"

Bunny nodded. "Yes, I know the rest."

"The trouble with you," Myrna continued, "is your inability to let a man take the upper hand. You always were a tomboy and now you'd like to be on an equal plane with all mankind. It can't be done, kiddo. Men are the active members of this female-male proposition. They make the advances, they handle the distribution of thrills, and whether you like it or not, it's so."

Bunny crushed her cigarette in the tray. "I don't mind that," she said, "but I hate like hell to feel that just because I'm a woman, I've got to be dependent on any man that comes along for a thrill." She straightened the skirt of her black satin dress, but inadvertently pulled the neckline down so that the upper hemispheres of her snow-white breasts were plainly visible.

Myrna gazed at the bulbous display of charms, like a cat looking at a bowl of cream. "If you don't want men following you around like leeches and trying to make a playground of your body, why on earth do you display it that way? Why not wear a brassiere and high necked dresses and bloomers?"

Bunny cupped her soft breasts in her hands. "I can't stand brassieres," she explained. "They choke me. I tried a bandeau, but my protuberances are too big."

"Too big?" Myrna showed surprise. "They don't look too big. Mine are about one-half that size."

Bunny's fingers sank into the resilient softness of her breasts. "I wish mine were your size," she said wearily. "I'd slap a bandeau on them and squeeze them so flat you'd never know they were there."

"And then what?"

Unfastening a bar-pin, Bunny loosened the bodice of her dress and placing both hands in and under two quivering mounds of flesh, brought them out into plain sight. They were large, there was no gainsaying that, but withal, remarkably firm-fleshed and tight-skinned. The slightest hint of a sagging droop, gave them an aura of sophistication, while the thumb-shaped nipples nestling in their wrinkled brown centers provided a distinctly erotic appeal.

Smilingly fascinated, Myrna rose and crossed to the couch where Bunny sat. "They're not so tremendous," she said. "As a matter of fact, I'd give an arm to own a pair of charmers like them!" Stretching out one hand, she buried her fingers in the hollow between the heaving hillocks, worming into the soft bounty and brushing across a slowly tightening nipple. "I think they're gorgeous,"




*"You're not going, are you?" she asked.*

"Then I wouldn't be bothered by every Tom, Dick and Harry in town. Why, would you believe it, even riding in the subway during rush hour I have to squirm and turn in order to get away from some Times Square Romeo's fingers playing around my breasts."

Myrna grinned. "I should think it'd be fun. Nothing like that ever happens to me. I'm too little."

"That's just it, I'm too big!" Bunny pouted.

Myrna leaned forward in her chair. "Say," she said, "let's see what you're raving about. Come on, take 'em out and let me judge whether they're cannon-balls or just grapefruit!"

she concluded. Fumbling with her own bodice, she brought forth two tiny, pear-shaped breasts, almost child-like in their immaturity. Bunny's fingers just about circled one of them so that the breast was completely hidden behind her hand.

"That's what I call neat," Bunny exclaimed.

Myrna's fingers revelled in luscious plenitude. "And this is what I call swell!" she said.

Bunny nodded. "That's what the men think," she mumbled.

Myrna's blue-green eyes narrowed. "And —and you don't want them to think that?" she queried.

"No!" Bunny replied definitely.
"Gee, you're a tough baby!"

"WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA, Norman?"

Bunny sat hunched up in the commodious front seat of Norman Douglas' stream lined roadster. The car was parked under a grove of willow trees far from any sign of habitation.

The boy behind the wheel turned off the ignition and grinned suggestively. "Oh, just thought we'd stop and talk things over." He reached out and slipped one arm about Bunny's waist. His other hand fumbled at her breasts.

Wriggling away, Bunny pulled her wrap tight about her. "Do you talk with your hands, Mister Douglas?" she queried sarcastically.

Norman jerked a thumb in the direction of the rumble seat. There, Myrna and her boy-friend, Billy Dunn, were wrapped in a torrid embrace. In the light of the moon, the ruddy nipple of one of Myrna's exposed breasts, shone like an iridescent ruby. Billy's lips were dangerously close to the crystallized tid-bit and soon it disappeared from sight.

"See what your girl-friend is doing?" Norman said. "Why can't you be nice and stop being a tough baby?"

Tough baby . . . tough baby . . . tough baby. . . . The phrase was being repeated by everyone Bunny came in contact with. Tough baby . . . tough baby. Was she really as tough as they claimed? Just because she didn't like the idea of having boys play around with her breasts and slip their hands under the hem of her skirt, did that make her a tough baby?

She turned to Norman. "What makes you say that, Norman?" Her voice was pleadingly sweet.

He gulped. "Well, I don't know, but that's what the gang says you are. Even Myrna said so."

Bunny shook her head. "Yes, Myrna did say it," she whispered. "But why am I a tough baby, Norman?"

"I guess 'cause you won't be nice, maybe."

"You mean let boys play around?"

"I guess so."

For long moments, neither spoke. In the hush of the cold, still night air, Bunny could hear Myrna's heavy, panting breathing. Turning her head she looked back, but both occupants of the rumble seat had slid down under the cowl of the car and were completely hidden from view. Billy was no doubt touching Myrna all over. His lips were probably on her breasts, his hands on her slim thighs. Bunny shook her head dizzily. Maybe she was making a mistake. She moved over closer to Norman.

"I'm not so tough, Norman," she murmured.

Again his arm slipped around her waist and his right hand clumsily sought the neckline aperture of her dress, but this time Bunny made no effort to wriggle away. As his lips swooped down upon hers, she parted her own lips and forced her pink-tipped tongue out. He was finding it difficult to solve the intricacies of her bodice, his fingers catching in the neckline, too tight for easy entrance unless the snaps were loosened.

Resolving to go the whole hog in an effort at discovering what it all meant, Bunny pulled the snaps, causing the bodice to part. The moment his fingers touched the warm, sensitized flesh. Bunny's hips arched and she clung to him, throwing her arms about his neck and burying her face in the hollow of his shoulders.

The sensation, different from having men brush their arms across her breasts in the subway, seemed, at the moment, to compare with the feel of soft fur against the face, but as it increased in intensity and Norman rolled a dormant nipple into jutting hardness, the thrill was comparable to nothing Bunny had ever known.

Thrill after thrill surged through her body as both Norman's hands did their part to engender passion within her. Her breath came in short, panting gasps and her breasts rose and fell like heaving billows. Unable to control herself any longer, Bunny grasped his head between her hands and bent down on his lips with savage intensity. Gradually, her dress slipped off her shoulders, aided and abetted by his nervous, questing fingers, and the next moment, his face was buried in the yielding softness of her bosom.

A tap on the rear window awoke Bunny from her temporary daze. Norman was dozing, his head in her lap, but she was wide-awake, unsatisfied and craving again the touch of a man's hands on her sensitive body.

At her door, Norman kissed her lightly, his eyes a bleary, blood-shot sight. Bunny was expecting a lip bruising caress, but he was too weak.

In her room, Bunny slipped in between the



sheets absolutely naked. Never before had Bunny realized that such divinely beautiful sensations existed. Miraculously, her respect for the prowess of man increased. No longer did she feel that the male of the species was her equal. One of them had tapped the well spring of her emotion, and now she had nothing but respect for the talents of the opposite sex. Bunny fell into a deep, dream-flecked slumber, both hands cuddling her tingling breasts.

FROM THEN ON, it was a constant round of parties . . . parties that ended in deliriously blissful encounters with men . . . deliriously blissful encounters with men that ended with the man dropping off into dazed satiation and Bunny remaining unsatisfied.

It was strange that none could cope with her undying passion, her insatiable desire for kisses, caresses and the sweet intimacies of affection.

"You're an Amazon, Bunny," Myrna laughingly said. "The boys can't cope with you. You're too much for them."

Bunny sniffed. "First I was a tough baby . . . hard to handle . . . unwilling to be nice, and now, now that I'm playing the game, I'm —I'm—"

"Still a tough baby," Myrna supplied.

Bunny swung one foot under her on the couch, twisting her curved hips about. Inches of white woman-flesh were visible above the rolled tops of her stockings.

"Do they still call me a tough baby?" she demanded.

Myrna nodded. "Uh, huh. Now you're tough because you're impossible to satisfy. Andy Kellog had a date with you Saturday night and he's been in bed ever since!"

Bunny sniffed audibly. "The weakling!" she exploded. "I kissed him once or twice and he passed out!"

Myrna grinned, red lips spreading over even white teeth. "Evidently your kisses have an anaesthetic quality. He never passed out when I kissed him."

Bunny rose and walked over to the window. The trees along the avenue were just beginning to bud. Spring was in the air.

"I think I'm going away," she said quietly. "I've got to work this off."

Myrna's brow creased. "Work what off?"

"This desire, whatever it is. It's gotten so that I can't look at a man without wanting him to touch me. And when they do—" she sighed "—nothing comes of it."

Silhouetted against the light from the window, Myrna could not help admiring her chum's splendid haunches, flowing hips and firm, columnar thighs.

"Where would you go?" she queried.

Bunny shrugged. "Oh, I don't know. Uncle George has a lodge up in Maine. Maybe I could forget men if I chopped wood all day or hiked in the mountains."

"Can an axe take the place of a man?" questioned Myrna.

Bunny smiled ruefully. "It's as good as most of the men we know," she retorted.

"WELL, BARBARA, how do you like it up here? It's two weeks tomorrow and you should know in that time."

Bunny's Uncle George hiked himself closer to the roaring fireplace and knocked his pipe against the flagstone base. Bunny watched the firelight gleam dance in and out of the corners of the walnut panelled hunting room.

"It's nice," she said slowly, "except that it's a trifle lonesome." Every night she had gone to bed to dream of Norman, of Jack burying his head between her breasts, of Andy, wilting beneath her kisses. It was torture to think of those things, plain torture!

Uncle George nodded. "Yes, that's what I thought." He applied a lighted paper wad to his pipe bowl and puffed deeply. When the tobacco began to glow, he removed the pipe from his mouth. "That's what I thought," he repeated, "so I invited some of the boys from the logging camp up tomorrow night."

"Logging camp?" Bunny questioned. "Aren't they just—well—just laborers?"

Uncle George nodded. "Yes, some of 'em are, and some aren't. A few went to college. They're big fellows and they might scare you, but I thought they'd be company."

Bunny opened her leather jacket to let the warmth of the log fire play on her throat.

"Yes, I might," she said slowly.

THAT THEY WERE "big fellows," these logging men, Bunny could not deny. All over six feet, with broad, sloping shoulders and tremendously powerful arms, they lumbered in, filling the spacious room with their bulk.

There were six of them and before the evening was an hour old, Bunny had picked her man. For the special occasion, she had dressed in a knitted sport outfit, just a wee

(*Please turn to page* 62)

*Phil stood up and walked slowly over to her.*



# Undress Rehearsal

BY

MASON JOHNS

PHIL DARRACK was glad when the rehearsal drew to a close, and the members of the Middleton Amateur Theatrical Company slowly began to disperse. Had he known that anything could be as trying as this little adventure had turned out to be, he would undoubtedly have refused this opportunity to see his play produced, and would have been content to have waited forever for the illusive Broadway showing. However, he accepted, and with a philosophical shrug of his shoulders, he decided that the only thing for him to do was bow to the inevitable with as good grace as possible, and try and make these inexperienced people give a fairly decent performance. Passing through the lobby of the expensive little theatre, he walked out onto the sidewalk.

At the curb a flashy yellow roadster was parked, and behind the wheel sat Helen Dean, the Society debutante who was playing the lead in his play. Phil had had quite enough of Miss Dean for one day, and he swiftly made up his mind that he would pretend not to see her. With this object in view, he pulled his soft hat down over his eyes, and started briskly up the street. It was too late. Helen had seen him. She tooted her horn violently, and when he paid no attention, behind him, he heard the whir of the starting motor. A few seconds later, the roadster flashed to the curb just ahead. Phil could not get out of it, so forcing a smile, he crossed to the car and raised his hat. Helen smiled in that cold, aloof manner which he had come to find so exasperating.

"I didn't see you," said Phil lamely.

"I saw you, though. I want to talk to you, Phil. Where were you headed for?"

"My hotel."

"Good. Get in, and I'll drive you there."

Smothering a sigh, Phil did as he was told, and the rakish car shot out into the middle of the road. For some time neither spoke, then Helen said, "You don't like me in your play, do you?"

Phil hesitated, then he came to the conclusion he had better tell the truth. He said, "Frankly, I don't. You're not the type I had in mind at all."

"What's the matter with me then?"

"Shall I be honest, or would you rather have me kid you?"

Helen laughed shortly. "You couldn't kid me if you tried. Tell me honestly, what's the matter?"

Phil turned to her, and for a moment he gazed into her cold eyes. Slowly, he said, "You haven't the fire the part needs. You're too cool. You're not passionate enough. My girl was supposed to have all the sex appeal in the world. You don't endow her with anything like that."

Helen swerved the car into the main street before answering. Then, in measured tones, she said, "I get it, little boy. It's an old game, and I understand authors pull it all the time. You want me to prove to you that I have got passion. That's about the idea, isn't it?"

"God forbid!" said Phil devoutly. "You asked me to tell you the truth, and I did. That's all."

Helen slid the car into the parking space opposite the hotel. Switching off the ignition, she leaned back in the leather seat and studied him.

"Phil," she said slowly. "I usually get what I go after. That's the beauty of having money. When I read this play of yours, I wanted to play the part immediately. That's why I made our committee arrange for an amateur production of it. But I want to be good in the part, and I can't be good if you're going to ignore me in the question of direction as you have been doing. Therefore, little boy, I'm going to show you in a very few minutes that underneath the cold mask that Helen Dean habitually wears is one of the most passionate women you're ever likely to meet. Come along, little boy." Flipping open her door, she stepped into the road. Phil watched her with an amazed expression on his face.

There was no question about it, Helen was a good looking girl. She was quite tall, and her figure was stunning. She had long blonde hair, blue eyes and a very kissable mouth. Her legs were splendid, and Phil could think of very few things he would rather do than run his hands gently over her large, firm

**breasts. Suddenly, he made up his mind that it might not be such a bad idea. . . .**

HE JOINED HELEN in the roadway, and together they entered the hotel, and after getting his key from the desk, they went upstairs. The suite was small but comfortable and Helen lost no time in making herself at home. She took off her hat and coat and stood in front of him. Her large breasts stood out like small mountains, and he could see the hard outline of the spear-like nipples. Phil's mouth commenced to become dry, and his heart pounded as he caught the look in Helen's eyes when she whispered, "Come to me, Phil."

He crossed to her, and after another slight pause, suddenly took her in his arms. Helen stood close against him, the lower part of her exquisite body pressed hard against him. Her eyes were blazing with a new light, and the hands that presently touched the back of his neck were trembling. For several seconds, they just gazed at each other, and each could feel the pounding of the other's heart. Then, slowly, Helen's lips parted, and she said, "Kiss me!"

Phil kissed her. Gently at first, then, as he felt the stabbing of her pointed tongue against his teeth, he crushed her fiercely in his arms, and jammed his lips against hers. Little groans escaped from between Helen's flattened lips, and he could actually feel her breasts hardening against him.



*Phil looked down into those limpid eyes. "You're lovely," he said.*

That kiss lasted a long time, and when at last Helen broke away, both of them were breathing hard, and there was a wild light in both pairs of eyes. Helen said nothing, but taking one of his hands, drew him towards the bedroom. They entered, and Helen closed the door. Walking to the window, she looked out. Upon discovering that it faced a brick wall, she came back into the room and stood in the center of the rug. Phil was sitting on the edge of the bed. His eyes were glowing, and the palms of his hands were wet.

Helen said, "D'you like to tear clothes from women? Or would you rather watch them undress?"

Phil's eyes held hers steadily. "I like to tear clothes from women," he answered.

"I like men to tear clothes from me. Come and do it . . . "

Phil stood up and walked slowly over to

(*Please turn to page* 54)

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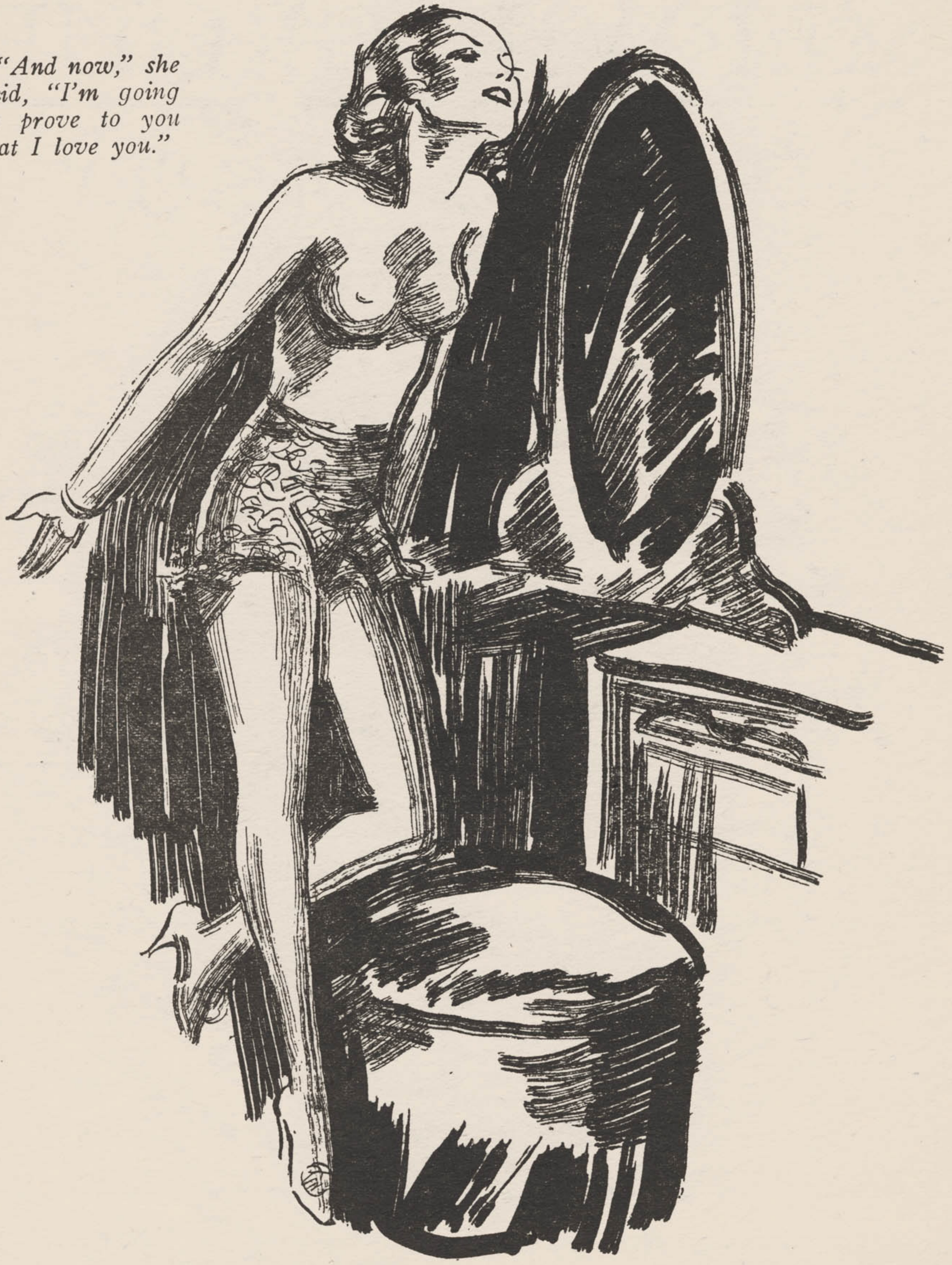
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her. She came to him, and again her superb body was welded to his. He kissed her, and was surprised at the fire with which Helen returned it. Then he stepped back and gazed at her. Helen tossed back her head, and her long arms dropped limply to her sides. Her breasts rose and fell, and her eyes were almost closed. Then Phil went to her again.

GENTLY HE seized the top of her dress, and as his fingers came in contact with her naked flesh, Helen squirmed and her breath hissed between her clenched teeth. Phil's hands were shaking, and he waited a moment to steady them a bit. Then, taking a deep breath, he ripped. The thin silk of the dress

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*"And now," she said, "I'm going to prove to you that I love you."*



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tore easily, and he split it to the hem. The dress dropped to Helen's feet like mist. Under it she wore nothing but the sheerest of panties. Her beautiful breasts, free and untrammelled, stood out like cocoanuts, and Phil's eyes dilated. Folding her in his arms he cupped first one, then the other, in his palm, and the nipples seemed about to burst, so hard did they become.

Helen was breathing heavily, and her eyes were shut tight. She said nothing as Phil steered her over to the bed and gently pushed her down on it. She swung up her legs, and lay there. . . . Phil gazed at her, then sat down beside her. He kissed her face, and her arms went rigidly about his neck. He kissed her throat, and she commenced to quiver. Then he broke away from her and holding each swollen, pink-tipped breast tight in his fingers, he lowered his head, and his lips closed gently. . . . Helen almost swooned, and Phil's heart seemed to be in his throat. Helen wriggled, her eyes opened, and she gazed at Phil.

Huskily, she said, "Phil . . . I love it . . . darling . . . am I passionate enough?"

Phil raised his head. "I'm not certain yet," he said. "This has been a good start."

Helen writhed in his arms, and her hand dropped to the back of his as he toyed with her luscious breast. In a whisper, she said, "Make certain, and I tell you now the finish will be tremendous."

Phil lowered his head, and Helen watched the top of it as it slowly receded. She began to shake and when she felt fingers fumbling with the cord of her waist, she groaned and lay back on the pillow.

PHIL OPENED THE DOOR for Helen and as she was about to pass through, she said, "Have I enough passion for you, little boy?"

Phil smiled. "Put some of it into the part," he told her. "You'll be a sensation. By the way, what shall I do with the remains of your dress?"

"Keep them. I'll see you tonight. Goodbye." Holding her coat close about her otherwise almost nude body, she stepped into the corridor and disappeared. Phil went back into the room, sank exhaustedly into a chair and helped himself to a large highball.

It made him feel better, and he had just reached the conclusion that Helen would never be able to do justice to the part in his play for the simple reason that she was a rotten actress, when the telephone bell summoned him. A trifle listlessly, he lifted the receiver from the hook.

"Hello?"

"Is this Mr. Darrack?" asked a gruff male voice.

"Yes."

"This is Thomas Dean."

"Who?"

"What d'you mean, who? This is Thomas Dean—Helen Dean's father. I want to talk to you, young man."

Phil's heart missed a beat. However, with all the cordiality he could muster, he said, "Come along up."

"Right." The click of a hung-up receiver told him that Tom Dean was on the way. Phil darted into the bedroom and quickly stuffed the shredded remains of Helen's dress into a drawer. He had just finished smoothing his hair when there came a loud knock at the door. Not without misgivings, he opened it, and the fattest man he had ever seen rumbled into the room.

"I'm Tom Dean," boomed the newcomer, "and I invariably come to the point. Young man—what's my girl like in this play of yours?"

Phil heaved a sigh of relief. With a smile, he said, "D'you want me to tell you the truth, or d'you want me to flatter you?"

Tom Dean fell into a chair and lighted a tremendous and very black cigar. When the weed was going like a blast furnace, he said, "The truth, of course. And I take it she's lousy, huh?"

Tom Dean puffed out his cheeks and became very red. "Young fellow," he bellowed, "this girl of mine's been trying to act ever since she could walk. Nothing I've been able to do has stopped her. Now, the point is this. I don't care if she makes an ass of herself in this little town. We're big enough to live it down. But she told me last night that you were going to do the play in New York, and she said she was going to play the part. Is that true?"

Phil smiled. "It's news to me. I can't do the play in New York, because I haven't the money."

Tom Dean dropped a long ash on the rug and absently ground it in with his foot. He said, "She'll back it. She's got a lot of money of her own. Inherited it when her mother passed on."

Phil's eyes gleamed for the moment, then the sparkle died out of them. He said, "Even

if she did back it, I wouldn't produce it with her in the lead."

"Fine talk," shouted Tom Dean, "but I know you youngsters. You wouldn't be able to resist an opportunity like that. Now, look here, young fellow, I don't want to see my girl make a fool of herself in New York, and if you'll give me your word of honor that you won't let her play the part there, I'll back the play for you."

Phil's eyes lighted up. "You mean that?" he demanded.

"I mean everything I say. How much will it cost?"

"Twenty grand."

Tom Dean drew a check book from his pocket, wrote rapidly, and handed the slip of paper to the astonished Phil. Then he pulled himself to his feet. At the door he turned. "I'm trusting you," he said. "No matter what that girl of mine does—and she'll do just about anything when she wants something—don't let her kid you into giving her that part."

Phil grinned. "Don't you worry about that, Mr. Dean," he said. "She hasn't got any more chance of playing the part outside this town than you have."

"Good," and with that, the door closed, and Phil was alone with twenty thousand dollars.

PHIL WAS JUST ABOUT to take a nap before going to another rehearsal, when there came a gentle tapping at the door. Crossing to it, he opened it, and before he quite realized what had happened, a small, dark, trim little girl walked into the room and tossed a red beret onto the couch. Bewildered, Phil closed the door and came back into the room. The dark little girl faced him, and he never remembered seeing such a lovely face before. The girl's hair was almost black, and it curled about her small head in tight little rings. Her eyes were brown, heavily-lashed and very large. Her nose turned up at the end, and her lips were full and very red. She was smiling, and Phil caught a glimpse of gleaming teeth. The girl said,

"I don't suppose you've noticed me, have you?"

Phil shook his head. "Sorry," he admitted; "but I don't seem to be able to place you."

"I'm Jill Squires," the girl told him, "and the reason you haven't noticed me before is because I'm only understudying in your play."


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Phil sat down. "I see," he said. "What part are you understudying?"

"The part that Helen Dean's playing." Jill slowly crossed the room and sat down on the couch beside Phil. She gazed up at him, and her eyes looked enormous. Phil said, "You should be playing the part. You're exactly the type of girl I had in mind when I wrote it."

Jill sighed. "I know," she said. "But you see, Helen has a lot of money and she's able to swing the committee. I'm very poor, and have to take what's left over. I did want to play that part, too." She came a little closer to him, and one small, firm breast brushed against his arm. Phil looked down into those limpid eyes, and something happened to him. He faced her squarely.

"You're lovely," he said gently.

"Am I? I like you, too. Not because I want to play the part, because I know that isn't possible now. I just like you. I should like you to kiss me."

Phil laughed joyously, and took the small body in his arms. Leaning back against the wall, he held her tightly, and gazed down into her languorous eyes. But he did not kiss her. She looked so frail, and, he could not help the word—she looked virginal. He just held her, but his heart commenced to beat when one of her tiny hands crept in under his dressing gown and slipped around his chest.

"I could love you," said Jill simply.

Phil was of Broadway. He said, "You mean you could love the parts I'm likely to write."

Jill shook her curly head. "I didn't mean that at all. I don't care if you never write another part. I wanted to play this one. Since I can't play it, then I'm no longer interested. I just love you—and you haven't kissed me yet."

Gently Phil lowered his head, and he pressed his lips to her temples. Jill snuggled closer and a little sigh escaped her. Her arm about him tightened, and she rubbed her forehead against his lips. The perfume of her hair intoxicated him. Phil kissed her eyes, her cheeks, the tip of her nose. He could feel the soft moistness of her lips against him, and finally, he clamped his own against them. Jill stiffened, then a pointed little tongue got to work, and Helen seemed as cool as an ice-cube.

Presently Phil released her and she lay inert in his arms. Her face was flushed, and

her eyes were unnaturally bright as she gazed up at him.

Gravely, Phil said, "I think that'll be about enough."

"Why?" Jill's eyes twinkled mischievously.

"Because, little one, I know myself. If I go any further with you, I shall find myself falling in love with you."

Jill sighed, and her arms went about his neck. "That," she said, "will be splendid since I'm already in love with you."

"Sure it's I, and not the play I write?"

Jill struggled to her feet, and stood there looking down at him. "I've already told you," she said quietly, "that the only part you've written that I want to play, I can't play. And that's that. Now, I'm going to prove to you that I love you. Hold this." She handed him the silver brooch which held her dress together at the neck. She stooped swiftly, and the next time Phil looked at her, she was standing in front of him with nothing on but the sheerest of panties and rolled stockings.

He reached out his arms for her, and she came to him. She sat on his knee and wriggled so that her left breast brushed against his face. She put her arms about him, and held him tight. Phil slipped his arms around her naked waist and his hands crept slowly up until each cupped one of her gleaming small, but firm breasts. Jill leaned against him, and he could feel the hammering of her heart. She was biting her lower lip, and her eyes were closed.

She threw herself backwards and lay across his knees. Phil gazed at her, then his hands commenced to run wild over her shimmering flesh. Jill quivered and little sighs escaped her. Phill was breathing heavily, and he thanked his stars that he was young. Helen . . . and now . . . Jill! Jill groaned a little when she felt his fingers playing with the elastic at her waist. She opened her eyes, they were blazing, and he could scarcely hear her when she said, "I'm going to love you more than ever, darling. Oh, darling . . . "

THEY SAT SIDE BY SIDE on the couch. Jill had a shawl hung about her naked shoulders and the tip of each breast could be seen. Phil was smiling, and after a while he said, "You can play the part, Jill, if you like." She gazed at him curiously, and then he told her about Tom Dean's offer, and promised her the job in the Broadway production.

Jill threw herself into his arms, the shawl


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dropped unheeded to the floor, and she offered up a silent prayer to her ex-boss, Tom Dean, who had tipped her off.

Phil fumbled again at her waist.

---

(*Continued from page 17*)

"You . . . " Gunner's yells trailed off into a stream of blasphemy.

"Stick 'em up!"

The Gunner stooped and picking up the gun in his other hand, was about to press the trigger, when Bob let him have it. He fired four times, and the four bullets all found a mark in some part of Gunner's anatomy. He dropped the gun, and without a sound crumpled to the floor. A thin trickle of blood oozed from a small hole in his left temple.

Bob looked around, and found Elsie standing in the doorway. Through the slight haze of cordite smoke, he saw the glint of her eyes. Hoarsely, she said, "Is he dead?" Bob nodded, and Elsie leant weakly against the door. "Thank God," she whispered.

Then Bob was galvanized into action. Paying no attention to Elsie, he slipped the blanket off, and climbed into his clothes. Slowly and unceremoniously, he dragged the body of Gunner Moore through the door and up the slope leading to the highway. Not without difficulty, he stowed him inside his own car. Then he returned to the house. Elsie was sitting on the couch in front of the fire. Her chin was propped in her hands and her eyes were staring into the flaming embers.

SILENTLY, Bob sat down beside her and taking one of her hands in his, raised it to his lips. She turned her head slowly, and her lips parted in a wan smile. "I wish I could feel sorry for Gunner," she said; "but I can't. He seduced me when I was sixteen, five years ago—and I've never been able to leave him. If I'd stayed with him another month, I'd have gone mad. I don't like being a crook. I want to go straight."

"Go straight with me, Elsie," muttered Bob.

Her eyes widened. "You mean that?"

"Yes."

"Darling!" Then she was in his arms, and her head was buried in his shoulder. Bob held her close, and again he could feel the pounding of her heart against him. He did not at once feel passionate; but the softness of her, the sweetness of her flesh, the soft fra-

grance of her hair . . . he crushed her fiercely to him, and her lips sought and found his.

Once more her tongue jabbed against his teeth, and her sharp fingernails dug into the back of his neck. Fiercely, he pulled aside the kimono and then ripped the top of her pajamas clear. For a moment he gazed, spellbound, at her beautiful swelling breasts; then his head dropped.

"Darling," whispered Elsie, "darling . . . I have never known what it is to love until this moment."

She stretched out, and his hands caressed her. Outside the wind buffeted the rain against the sides of the house in great gusts. Inside nothing could be heard but the crackling of the logs and the sound of heavy breathing.

Two figures were stretched side by side on the couch, and the soft glow of the oil lamps touched with yellow the white of glistening flesh . . .

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(*Continued from page* 31)

"Goodnight, gorgeous!" he muttered, moving toward the door.

"Goodnight!" she whispered. "And . . . thanks . . . for everything!"

With a heavy heart and a throbbing pulse, he placed his hand on the latch of the door, but a soft arm winding about his neck halted him. He hadn't heard Sally glide out of the berth and cross to him in a single bound.

"Don't go . . . yet!" she whispered. "I . . . can't let you go without . . . one . . . goodnight kiss!"

Limp in his arms, she lifted her lips to his. . . . A blinding flash of flame seemed to sear Clyde's brain as he tasted the honey sweetness of her mouth and drew in the tasty morsel writhing therein.

"Clyde!" she murmured throbbingly. "Take . . . me . . . to . . . paradise!"

THE NORTHERN LIMITED, thundering through the night, was making mile-posts seem like fence-rails when Sally ran up the playing pinochle with Uncle George on the big table in the center of the room.

He tossed a cigarette butt into the roaring fire. "Call me Frank," he said casually.

Bunny laughed softly, musically. "All right, Frank."

"Out of place?" His inflection rose. "Well, that's putting it a bit harsh. The other boys


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shade at the window of her compartment and glanced out.

"It's a beautiful night!" she breathed, thrillingly.

"Yes . . . beautiful!" agreed Clyde, running his lips over the satin smoothness of her neck.

"You don't really want to see those sunbath pictures, do you?" she asked, smiling.

"Why not?" he queried.

"What do you care about photographs when you can see the original?" she whispered. "I hate to undress myself. . . . Won't you play lady's maid for me?"

CLYDE TIPPED the porter very generously next morning.

"Did yo-all sleep well in that upper berth?" grinned the darky.

"I had a very enjoyable trip!" replied Clyde, non-committally.

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(*Continued from page 44*)

"I'll go and get him!" said Frank.

She blocked his passage out of the door. "We'll wait! He won't be gone long."

She pulled the shade at the window, laughing as she noticed that it effectively concealed from any chance passerby anything that was transpiring in the office. Then she jumped up on the desk again.

"In the meantime, another little snifter of rye wouldn't do us any harm, would it?" she murmured, coyly.

(*To be continued*)

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(*Continued from page 49*)

bit too tight for her, but the ideal garment for complete, suggestive revealment of her body. The skirt clung to her hips as though it had been glued there, and the turtle-neck sweater (provided with a convenient zipper opener) allowed just enough bodice room to comfortably hold in check the bulbous profusion of her breasts. Minus a brassiere, the twin hillocks bobbed disconcertedly as Bunny arranged chairs for the men and tended to the serving of drinks.

When that was done, she slumped down on an overstuffed couch next to the tall, dark woodsman who seemed to have more bearing than the rest.

"You seem sort of out of place, Mister Bell," she said softly. The other men were

playing pinochle with Uncle George on the big table in the center of the room.

He tossed a cigarette butt into the roaring fire. "Call me Frank," he said casually.

Bunny laughed softly, musically. "All right, Frank."

"Out of place?" His inflection rose. "Well, that's putting it a bit harsh. The other boys don't get as much as I do, and I'm sort of the boss, but otherwise we're pretty much alike."

Bunny liked his frank, open smile, his cool gray eyes and his strong chin.

"This isn't your life work, is it?" she asked.

He shook his head in the negative. "No, it isn't. I'd like to do engineering eventually. That's what I studied."

"College?" she queried. Not that it made any difference, but college men were usually more experienced.

"Uh, huh. Canadian University, 1927."

Bunny did some rapid calculation. He was about twenty-eight. Just right. She leaned on one hand, gazing into the fire, certain that her right breast would swing clear of her body and become limned in the flickering light. Once or twice she caught him glancing at her frankly exposed charms, then looking away quickly when she met his eyes with hers. If only she could read his thoughts, how easy it would be to hurry the thing along.

It was almost midnight when the crowd around the card table rose, pulled on their heavy ulsters and made ready to depart. Bunny looked at Frank appealingly.

"You're not going, are you?" she asked, a tremor in her voice. Sitting next to him had started everything working again. Her nipples were so hard they seemed in imminent danger of bursting. Her thighs ached with longing and her breath was short and excited.

"Think I'll have to," he said, finding it difficult to tear his eyes away from her lush breasts and soft lap.

"Couldn't you stay just an hour . . . so we can talk?" she pleaded.

"Well," he said slowly, "maybe I can."

THERE WERE ONLY embers in the fireplace when Bunny felt Frank release her and stand erect. She was chilly now and she put her hands over her breasts. The contact of her palms on her breasts pained her. Evidently the rosy nipples were bruised and hurt. Bunny


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remembered how rough he had been . . . how blissfully rough . . . and she shuddered.

Out of cracked eyes she could see Frank throwing a fresh log on the dying fire. "Frank," she whispered.

In a moment he was kneeling beside her, kissing her, running his great, rough hands over her bruised body.

"You were so rough, Frank," she breathed, "but I loved it!"

---

MYRNA gazed admiringly at Frank's well-built figure, handsome face and strong hands. Bunny was sitting at his side, her blonde head on his shoulder.

"I married him, Myrna," she said, "because he's a tough guy." She smiled prettily. "A much tougher guy than I was a tough baby." She winked slyly. "Some day I'll show you how tough he really is."

Myrna's eyes widened. "How, Bunny?"

Bunny cuddled close to her husband. "I usually have the evidence in black and blue!" she replied.

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*(Continued from page 2)*

*Dear Editor:*

*My first reading of "Pep," your snappy little magazine, enables me to say that it sure is.*

*Stories are short and sweet with a kick in every one. Maybe some of the "Peppy Pals" would like to write me, a young man 30, with plenty of time on his hands, who would gladly answer all letters.*

*Thanking you in advance,*

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*Dear Sirs:*

*I have just finished reading one of your magazines and I certainly did enjoy it. I am 23 years old, but have never been around much. I have never been with girls very much. Could you help me out? I would like to write to some girls if you know of some and perhaps we could get something fixed up. I would like to hear from you right away.*

*Yours truly,*

*J. N.*




# 600,000 others have learned music this quick, home-study way..*so can you*

## Easy as A-B-C

### *interesting as a game*

Picture yourself the center of attraction at a party like this. Imagine yourself surrounded by happy, rollicking friends singing to *your* accompaniment. Or a room full of dancing couples—stepping lively to *your* peppy music.

"Impossible," you say? You couldn't learn to play in a hundred years? Teachers are too expensive? You haven't the time or patience to practice scales or finger exercises by the hour? Well listen to this.

Suppose someone told you that there actually is a way to learn music in less than half the time it used to take by old-fashioned methods. That you can learn in the privacy of your own home, all by yourself, without a teacher. That learning to play by this remarkable method is easy as A-B-C—so simple that a mere child could understand it. That it's real, interesting fun. And that it costs only a small fraction of what you'd pay a private teacher. If you knew of such a simple, inexpensive method—such a sure, quick short-cut to musical popularity—wouldn't you take advantage of it without hesitating a second? Of course you would

The famous U. S School of Music has developed just such an easy, home-study method. A simple print and picture system of instruction that makes it possible for anyone who can hum a tune to learn to play the piano—or any other musical instrument—in an unbelievably short time No special musical talent is necessary—no previous training. All that is needed is the *desire to learn.* More than half a million people have become popular musicians this easy as A-B-C way. Why can't you?

### You Practically Teach Yourself

By this method you teach yourself—right at home. The lessons are sent to you by mail. They include printed instructions and all the necessary music at no extra cost It involves no tricky methods—no mechanical devices—no guesswork. Everything is right before you—clear as crystal—in words and pictures. First you read how to do a thing. Then a picture shows you how it is done. Then you do it yourself and hear it. Could anything be more simple?

What's more, with this fascinating U. S. School method you don't spend hours and hours practicing humdrum finger exercises or monotonous scales. You actually play real tunes right from the very first—from real notes—the same as any finished musician uses. It's a great pastime—interesting as a game.

You advance just as rapidly as you want to. You set your own pace. Gradually you gain confidence You put more expression into your playing. You master more difficult pieces—classical selections and modern jazz numbers. And sooner than you ever dreamed possible you are entertaining your friends. You become more and more popular—sought after everywhere. Invitations galore—no party is complete without *you*. Why? Because you are contributing something to the fun—you're adding to the life of the party—providing real enjoyment for others—and for yourself.

**And remember—no matter which instrument you select to learn—this simple yet thorough course of instruction actually costs but a few cents a day—only a small fraction of the cost of a private teacher.**

**PICK YOUR INSTRUMENT**

| | |
|---|---|
| Piano | Violin |
| Organ | Clarinet |
| Ukulele | Flute |
| Cornet | Saxophone |
| Trombone | Harp |
| Piccolo | Mandolin |
| Guitar | 'Cello |

Hawaiian Steel Guitar
Sight Singing
Piano Accordion
Italian and German Accordion
Voice and Speech Culture
Harmony and Composition
Drums and Traps
Automatic Finger Control
Banjo (Plectrum, 5-String or Tenor)
Juniors' Piano Course

### Free Book and Demonstration Lesson

To let you see for yourself how easy to understand—how thorough—how practical—how quick to bring results—this method really is, the U. S. School has prepared a Free Book and Free Demonstration Lesson which gives you a complete, clear picture of this modern course of musical instruction. These are yours for the mere asking.

If you honestly want to learn music—if new friends, good times, social popularity appeal to you—here's an opportunity to realize your fondest dreams. Send for the Free Book and Free Demonstration Lesson. Simply fill out and mail the coupon below. Don't wait—act today. Instruments supplied when needed—cash or credit. U. S School of Music, 4589 Brunswick Bldg. New York City.

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- The Truth About Abuse

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